

The Listener

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15c



J. Allan Cash

Figure representing a Voortrekker, one of the pioneers of South African nationalism, on the Paul Kruger monument in Pretoria, administrative capital of South Africa. S. A. Cilliers discusses 'Republicanism in South Africa' on page 913

The American Mood after Cuba

By August Heckscher

Tagore: Poet and Prophet

By Francis Watson

A Case of Champagne

By A. G. Guest

Work and Leisure

By Raymond Williams

Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C.

By Lord Birkett

The Art of Ernst Barlach

By Nikolaus Pevsner

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consumption function
is greater than unity
*brother,
you're broke!*



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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1678

Thursday May 25 1961

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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The American Mood after Cuba (August Heckscher) ... | 911 |
| Republicanism in South Africa (S. A. Cilliers) ... | 913 |
| The Persian 'Chess-board' (Gerald Priestland) ... | 915 |

THE LISTENER:

| | |
|------------------------------------------|-----|
| Drinking Deep ... | 916 |
| What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes) ... | 916 |

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A Japanese Artist's Centenary (B. W. Robinson) ... | 917 |
| Evolution of the Match (David Stone) ... | 917 |
| Experiments in Colour (Harry Baines) ... | 918 |
| 'Take My Seat' (J. B. Boothroyd) ... | 918 |

HISTORY:

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| What is History?—VI: The Widening Horizon (E. H. Carr) ... | 919 |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

BIOGRAPHY:

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Great Advocates—IV: Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C. (Lord Birkett) ... | 922 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

LITERATURE:

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Rabindranath Tagore: Poet and Prophet (Francis Watson) ... | 924 |
| Book reviews (W. G. Hoskins, William Plomer, Asa Briggs, K. W. Gransden, Douglas Brown, W. J. H. Sprott, Hilary Corke, Romney Sedgwick, and Sir Gavin de Beer) ... | 935 |

SOCIOLOGY:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------|-----|
| Work and Leisure (Raymond Williams) ... | 926 |
|-----------------------------------------|-----|

LAW:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| A Case of Champagne (A. G. Guest) ... | 927 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 928 |
|--------|-----|

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| From H. P. Dow, E. J. Raymond Cook, J. Gordon Peirson, A. Long and J. Marr, D. Clibbens, J. P. J. Entract, Laurence Kitchin, Keith Sutton, George H. Bovingdon, Madeline House, Philip Collins, and Graham Storey ... | 931 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

ART:

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Art of Ernst Barlach (Nikolaus Pevsner) ... | 934 |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|

POEM: Going Anywhere? (Richard Kell)

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 932 |
|--------|-----|

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

| | |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Television Documentary (Peter Pound) ... | 940 |
| Television Drama (Anthony Cookman, Jnr.) ... | 940 |
| Sound Drama (Frederick Laws) ... | 941 |
| The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson) ... | 942 |
| Music (Rollo H. Myers) ... | 942 |

MUSIC:

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Nono and the Art of Computed Music (John S. Weissmann) ... | 945 |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 946 |
|--------|-----|

IN THE KITCHEN

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 947 |
|--------|-----|

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 947 |
|--------|-----|

CROSSWORD NO. 1,617

| | |
|--------|-----|
| | 947 |
|--------|-----|

The American Mood after Cuba

By AUGUST HECKSCHER

WHEN Mr. Kennedy took office in January of this year, he was in some sense becoming also the spokesman and leader of all the non-communist countries. At home the margin of his election had been exceedingly narrow; but he had from the beginning in the United States the sympathy and support which goes to any man who undertakes the vast responsibilities of the Presidency. Abroad, it is fair to say that he evoked a large degree of enthusiasm. To those in Britain, as to so many of us in the United States, it seemed that a new period was beginning, when clearness of views and courage and responsibility in action would characterize American foreign policy.

The first crucial hundred days of Mr. Kennedy's Administration have now passed—a hundred days and more. They have been a time of important and turbulent events, with the spotlight shifting back and forth between Laos, Cuba, Algeria; and arching over these terrestrial developments the first flights into space, with all that they involve for the future of man and for the power structure of the world. We have had a little time to see Mr. Kennedy in action; and we should be in a position to draw a few conclusions.

Inevitably, we must begin with Cuba. In the United States we have been hardly less dismayed than you by the circumstances surrounding the abortive invasion. Popular support for Mr. Kennedy increased through the crisis, and the President himself, with the shrewd political sense which marks him, took pains to make sure that partisan attacks should be minimized. But neither

the partisan silence nor the popular support can mask the realization that a bad mistake was made—a mistake hurtful to American prestige, the unity of the Western alliance, and the cause of free Cuba. In Cuba, the United States acted in such a way as to seem to intervene—with all the consequences a military intervention would incur; and yet to intervene so ineffectually as to leave Castro stronger than before. We appear guilty of both aggression and ineptitude. It would be hard to see how we could have placed ourselves in a worse posture.

The post-mortem can be left to ourselves on this side of the Atlantic. At least I do not see any advantage in trying to assess here the blame for the awful miscalculations which brought about the fiasco in the Bay of Pigs. There was bad intelligence, bad co-ordination, and at the topmost levels of the Administration a failure to look at all the possible consequences of the undertaking. The President himself was sobered; and the brilliant group of younger men whom Mr. Kennedy had recruited from the university world as his personal aides and advisers knew for the first time what it is to go through the fires of immense and irrevocable public acts.

What is more important than an attempt to assess blame is an effort to understand the underlying assumptions which guided the Administration and which in all probability direct its next steps both in the area and in the larger sphere of world events. In the United States we see Castro's Cuba as a betrayal of the revolution which Castro and his associates in the Sierra Maestra fought so bravely to establish. We see the original programme of social

and economic reform perverted to totalitarian ends, and a dictatorship planted in this hemisphere committed to the alien movement of Sino-Soviet communism.

The attack by Dr. Castro's government on the freedom and the decencies of the Cuban people would by itself have given the United States cause for concern. It certainly provoked the widespread conviction that those Cubans who had chosen exile rather than submission should not have the way barred to them when they planned to return and, in conjunction with underground forces on the island, set up a new regime. But the problem posed by Dr. Castro's government has gone deeper than this humane concern. It seemed evident to many of us that Cuba was being prepared as a base, both a political and a military base, for subverting and invading other Latin American countries.

There is frequent talk in the United States of the threat posed by Castro to American security. Perhaps some Americans are actually thinking in terms of a communist air base on Cuba, directly menacing United States territory. But most of us jump less readily to this conclusion; or at least we are disposed to take first things first. And the first danger, obviously, lies in what a communist-allied Cuba could do to disrupt and oppress the Latin American countries to the south of us.

Seeing things in this way, the strongest reasons exist for our being most gravely disturbed by the defection of Cuba. Policy must seek to translate this concern into action. The policy of giving training and passage to the exiles under Dr. José Miro Cardona was natural enough, the more so because the movement had been in preparation when Mr. Kennedy came to power and to have disbanded it summarily would have been to break the back of Cuban resistance. That back has, at least for the time being, been broken anyway: and so the question is: What next?

Much Diplomatic Work to be Done

The obvious next task is to reassure and solidify our neighbours in the hemisphere. The reaction to the abortive invasion was worse among our friends in Western Europe than within the hemisphere, notwithstanding Latin America's deep-rooted aversion to 'intervention' in any form. Castro's self-proclaimed adherence to what he called 'socialism' and his elimination of political elections, have subsequently swung Latin American opinion closer to the United States. There is much diplomatic work to be done if the Organization of American States is to come to any common policy. The two giants among them, Mexico and Brazil, have been least convinced by the case made by the United States. Most of these countries still keep diplomatic relations with Castro's Cuba, and all of them—at least until the betrayal of its aims was too manifest to be denied—felt a strong sympathy with the objectives of the Castro revolution.

Meanwhile Mr. Kennedy's economic and social programme, summed up in the phrase 'Alliance for Progress', must be rapidly implemented. There is evidence that the clarification of issues brought about by developments in Cuba will give this programme a more solid base. The communist forces within Latin America have been revealed; the lines have been drawn, and Latin America today, like Western Europe after the Czechoslovakian coup of 1948, presents an area where massive aid can be administered with the best possible effects. Now, more than ever, there is a plain need to get on with the programme as rapidly as possible.

Two questions about the next step may well be asked with some uneasiness. First, will the collapse of the invasion attempt, combined with other disappointments which may well be in store for us, bring about in the United States one of those bitter waves of obscurantism which we associate with the name of the late Senator McCarthy? Will the search for scapegoats and witches lead us again into hysteria and worse? Undoubtedly there are within the depths of American life residues of fundamentalism, isolationism, and primitivism of various sorts which could find another excuse for coming to the surface. The stir caused by the ludicrous John Birch society, a group of upper-middle-class reactionaries calling for the impeachment of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and not above referring to General Eisenhower as a communist agent, has been troubling indeed. I can only say: Let us trust to reason. It is inconceivable that our best men should be fooled twice in the same generation. If the leaders of our press, our politics, our business community have not learned

once and for all the lesson of Senator McCarthy, then the Lord himself cannot save us.

A second question is related to the first: Is there danger that we shall be driven to some extreme actions to redress our failure in Cuba and to ward off the potential waves of reaction? The President in the first days after the ill-fated invasion indicated that circumstances were conceivable where the United States would act and, if necessary, act alone. There has been speculation as to whether his talks with representatives of the opposition—Messrs. Eisenhower, Nixon, Rockefeller, Hoover, MacArthur, and others—may not have had in mind the cultivation of support for new undertakings. From every point of view this seems unlikely. The Cuban situation is bound sooner or later to fall into the perspective of the world scene and when that happens, when all the factors have been considered, the forcible deposition of Dr. Castro—however menacing or annoying he may be—will seem the least promising of courses.

Answering an Idea

Mr. Kennedy and his Administration are as aware as anyone else that communism is at bottom an idea—a perverted idea but seductive to peoples who have suffered from social and economic injustice. We must, and we can, answer the idea; we shall not win by trying to extirpate its believers. The experience of the post-war world shows us all, moreover, that total submission to the Soviet system is not something that any people chooses of its free will or endures voluntarily for long. It will be to our interest to avoid throwing the Cubans wholly into the arms of the Soviets, or to avoid keeping them there if in their folly they throw themselves.

Any attack on a country of the hemisphere will be answered by force, as under treaty obligations it is bound to be: but for better or worse it is hardly likely that the matter will be made so simple for us as that. The long struggle will continue where it has been for some time, in the political and economic spheres. It is an arduous, thankless, unrelenting struggle; but unless we despair of ourselves and our birthright we cannot doubt what the end will be.

The Cuban problem has been complicated for us by the fact that it is geographically so near, and is mixed up with the Monroe Doctrine and all the emotionally complex ties of the inter-American system. But seen in a slightly different perspective, Cuba becomes an Atlantic problem; before we are through with it, it may even become a Nato problem. It will be helpful if Great Britain sees it that way; and it will be helpful if we in the United States see it this way. For then we can call into play the wisdom we have acquired together in the post-war years. Instead of our acting as if Castro were something new under the sun, and instead of Britain tending to act as if Castro were a figment of the American imagination, we should see his regime as a common threat which must be faced up to by sane and resolute measures.

Foreign Policy under Mr. Kennedy

Thus I am brought to say a few more general words about the style and objectives of American foreign policy under Mr. Kennedy. In style the Administration's aim has been to speak clearly, so that it will not be misunderstood by friend or foe, and yet to avoid unnecessary provocations or rhetorical flourishes. It began politely and correctly in its dealings with Mr. Khrushchev. Unfortunately the first hint that the new Administration would appreciate having six quiet months or so in which to think things over was seized on by Mr. Khrushchev as a good enough reason for stirring things up to maximum heat. That has made the dialogue more difficult but it has not completely obscured Mr. Kennedy's intention to say what the occasion requires and no more.

The Administration has wanted to talk about things one at a time, and to separate and keep lucidly apart what belongs in different spheres. Thus it was characteristic of its way of doing things that Mr. Adlai Stevenson in the United Nations should have affirmed starkly the anti-colonial position of the United States by the vote on Angola, while Mr. Kennedy in other ways was moving toward a strengthening of our ties with our European friends.

The Administration has wanted to negotiate honestly, without

propagandistic overtones, but to be ready with an alternative course if the processes of negotiation are flouted. Thus again it seems characteristic of the Kennedy tone that his Administration should put in charge of the test ban negotiations men of absolutely top calibre, and yet that he should be ready to resume testing, without undue wringing of the hands, if negotiations prove vain.

The style, if it is to be effective, calls for a condition of things which eliminates the need for vague threats and dire or ominous prophecies. Thus it is a paramount aim of the Administration to build up conventional military forces to a point where talk of action is credible and persuasive. To be able to act without bringing down mass destruction on the human race is also to be able to talk in cool and precise terms. It is towards this coolness and precision that President Kennedy seems above all to aspire.

Looked at in the large, the task of the Kennedy Administration must be to come to terms with a world situation where the United States no longer holds a monopoly of atomic weapons nor even a clear preponderance of military power. Our basic posture was established at a time when things were very different from what

they are now; it was then that we sought allies everywhere and built our bases with impunity on the Soviet's borders. We know with our minds that the world scene has drastically altered, but we have not yet brought our policies into conformity with the new facts.

Whether President Kennedy can negotiate this complex and difficult transformation of our policies it is still too early to say. There seems little question, however, but that he sees the problem clearly. In Laos with calmness and boldness he reversed the previous position of the United States and came out for a genuinely neutral government. Here was a recognition that in the world as it now exists we cannot expect to establish an order based on military clients or fictitious alliances. At the same time he has turned his attention to the truly great alliance of the Atlantic community, upon which our real security and the world's ultimate freedom rests. To make sure that the foundations of the free world are firm—to be strong at the centre but not expecting to dominate everything or to intervene everywhere—that seems the path of wisdom. It is, I am convinced, the path the Administration of Mr. Kennedy intends to pursue.—*Third Programme*

Republicanism in South Africa

By S. A. CILLIERS

The inauguration of the new Republic of South Africa will take place on May 31

IN South Africa some rejoice at the new Republic, while others express grave concern about the future. Some declare it the last long-delayed shot in the Boer War, or at least the last codicil to the Peace of Vereniging, while others earnestly set about a last desperate bid for unity in a tragically divided country, in the belief that a republican constitution can best foster it.

I believe that in time the Republic will be accepted by all South Africans, though whether, in itself, it will have a unifying effect is another matter. I think it will come to be accepted by the electorate at large—though politicians may continue their somewhat quixotic battles on the debating floor—because the present dissension is not really over constitutional matters at all. It is not a question of constitutional adherence to British, in the sense of monarchical, traditions pitted against a Roman dislike of kings. It is significant that at the time of the referendum last year there were no strong pro-monarchical arguments to be heard from Opposition platforms. And now that the Republic is established, the Opposition moves, of which one hears occasional reports, are not for a return to the previous constitution but towards yet

another form, some kind of federalism. There is not yet enough information about this federal scheme to enable one to judge it, let alone assess its possible appeal to the electorate, but it looks like an attempt resembling that of Abbé Sieyès at the time of the French Revolution, to contain a rapidly changing scene in a series of constitutions. I believe that it, too, does not spring from a fixed objection to republican forms as such, nor is it aimed at stabilizing the monarchy. It is surely another aspect not of a constitutional but of a cultural struggle, another formula



Dr. Charles Swart, who has been elected first President of the South African Republic



The present flag of South Africa: the old Dutch tri-colour with the Union Jack and flags of the Boer Republics in miniature

for organizing protest at the present political dominance of the nationalist Afrikaner section of the people: a dominance which is certainly not dependent upon having a republican constitution.

There is, however, a real sense in which the republican movement in South Africa, as distinct from its present achievement, has over many years formed a rallying point for Afrikaner nationalism, a goal which was also a symbol of the acknowledgment and status which they have so much desired. At the same time, the republican movement, in its various phases, has alarmed and served to consolidate the political fears of English-speaking South Africans, as well as of those Afrikaners who have

followed the more liberal, international traditions of Botha and Smuts. People such as these, who never shared the intensely local patriotism and instinctive isolationism of historical Afrikanerdom, were naturally disturbed at any prospect of a radical change which might deprive them of sustenance from the British cultural stream, their strongest contact with Europe. They feared, in particular, a revival of the characteristics of the old Boer Republics of the nineteenth century; republics which were based on the supremacy of the Dutch people and language in a one-party state, on intolerance of religions other than Calvinism, and on the subjection of the non-European races.

When General Hertzog, in a deputation to Versailles in 1918, claimed independence for South Africa, many people supposed that he had in mind a simple reversal to the old Boer model of states which were established by a homogeneous white population, under entirely different historical circumstances, and at a time when the local African peoples were both savage and hostile.

A Nagging Fear

This question, a nagging fear in the minds of the more liberal, received no answer in the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties; suspicions festered, attitudes hardened. In the absence of a clear statement anyone can make predictions to suit his political purposes or express his own emotions. And then in January 1942 a draft constitution was published in an Afrikaans newspaper in the Transvaal, anonymously but said to be with the permission of Dr. Malan. Whether it was officially sponsored by his party—then in opposition—or not, it certainly confirmed some of the fears of the English-speaking people about the future republic. Noticeable features in this draft constitution were the strengthening of the position of the Executive and the absence of a second chamber; and, above all, neither the political rights of the Coloureds nor of English as the official language was guaranteed as it had been by the South Africa Act. On the contrary, Afrikaans, as the traditional language of the Boer Republics, was to be the first language of the country, with English then, in the words of the draft, 'second and equal to it'. In the same year, at the height of the war, after publication of the draft, Dr. Malan moved for a Republic in the House, dissociated from the British Crown and based on the system of the former Boer Republics. He was defeated by 81 votes to 56. In 1948, however, when his party won the election, the republican movement gained new impetus. It is a parliamentary joke that Malan, on embarking to attend the Coronation in 1953, expressed complete confidence in his acting Prime Minister, Strydom, but asked him to promise one thing: that he would not declare a Republic while Malan was away.

Doubts Dispelled by Dr. Verwoerd

The important thing about all this is that, until Dr. Verwoerd came to power, no further indications were given as to what form the Republic would assume. Up to 1960 the Opposition Party could with considerable justification tell their supporters that the Republic could bring major and to them very undesirable constitutional innovations. These doubts Dr. Verwoerd unequivocally dispelled. He publicly declared the 1942 draft an unsuitable basis for the new Republic and announced that it was to be based on the South Africa Act as constitution. As it turns out, the position of the executive is not strengthened by the creation of a post of President; the two-party system of parliamentary government is maintained. There is no reference to a state Church, and the equality of English and Afrikaans as official languages remains entrenched. It was with justification therefore that Dr. Verwoerd, some months before the referendum, announced that becoming a republic would involve hardly any change apart from substituting a President for the Governor-General. He called upon the English-speaking community to support the Republic under a constitution which followed the British pattern so closely and explicitly protected their interests.

He was able to make this appeal, in perfectly good faith, because a great deal of constitutional innovation had already taken place since the Nationalist Party came to power in 1948. Step by step constitutional links with Britain had already been severed. The bestowing of titles by the monarch on South African citizens had been rendered unconventional by motion in the South

African House of Assembly in 1925. In 1949 the period of residence for people of British nationality to become South African citizens was extended from two to five years, though this is still a year shorter than the period for aliens. In 1950 the possibility of the highest judicial appeal to the Privy Council was abolished: it had been a dead letter for fifteen years and had already been abolished also in Canada. Next followed the abolition of the Union Jack as second official flag of South Africa. The current South African flag is the old Dutch tri-colour, with the flags in miniature of the Boer Republics and the Union Jack, which in 1910 was the flag of the Cape and Natal, the remaining two provinces forming the Union. When pressure was put on Dr. Verwoerd to remove the Union Jack from the flag, he replied that it represented part of the history of the country and he intended to let it remain there. The penultimate move in severing constitutional links with Britain was the abolition of 'God Save the Queen' as national anthem next to 'Die Stem van Suid-Afrika', which was given an official translation into English.

So it is clear that there had been a systematic progress towards constitutional independence since 1948. This accounts for the circumstance of the Republic involving no radical change in constitutional practice, but it also accounts for the cumulative sentiment of opposition among the English-speaking population. And certainly all these changes, effected under great controversy, are indicative of the Afrikaner nostalgia for cultural independence from Britain, among some sections no doubt a yearning for the restoration of the old Boer Republics, sometimes savouring, at its lowest level, of anti-Britishness.

The Move Ill-timed?

There is, however, also another and narrower ground for opposition to the Republic. Many people who accept this constitutional evolution as desirable or inevitable, and are not in principle opposed to the Republic, consider that the move is ill-timed, that the Government is alienating a section of the population by an emotional issue, a purely formal change which contributes nothing to the solution of the country's major problems. This is the position of the left-wing split of the Opposition, the Progressive Party. On the first view it certainly does appear as if Nationalist diplomacy was somewhat crude—especially in the light of South Africa being forced to leave the Commonwealth. Yet this aspect must be viewed in its proper international context. As far as Commonwealth membership is concerned, South Africa's withdrawal was at the most probably only precipitated by the Republican issue, since it forced her to re-apply for membership. In view of the precedents in India, Pakistan, and Ghana there was no reason to suppose that of itself the change to a republic would jeopardize that membership. After the Conference of African States at Addis Ababa in June 1960, however, it became clear that Britain would soon have to choose between the goodwill of South Africa and the other African Commonwealth members, and there is an argument for saying—as many opponents of the Government do—that if South Africa could have remained in the Commonwealth for a few more years even the wind of change might have blown South Africa some good, and Britain might have found herself better disposed towards the country than at the present time.

On the other hand, Mr. Macmillan's historic speech in the South African Parliament last year made it clear that Commonwealth membership would afford no protection for the interests of the Europeans in South Africa. Nationalist statesmen were quick to rub this in to the electorate. They also point out that, in keeping with constitutional trends elsewhere on the continent, a local form of government is needed for local situations. The standard British conception of political morality bred in a homogeneous and heavily socialized country forms a poor export to African states with heterogeneous populations and great disparities in standards of living. While the European tradition of parliamentary government is firmly founded among the whites, the local problem remains of what the future is to be of the vast semi-literate African population in terms of civic rights and governmental participation. This immense problem is entirely foreign to Britain, as it is to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. And since South Africa has radically diverged from the Westminster pattern, to become a Republic would then relieve the

Queen from the embarrassment of being Head of State of several countries whose policies are directly opposed to each other.

To the charge that a change to a Republic at this stage would be interpreted as an anti-British move and that this would accentuate differences with Britain on racial problems, the reply is that it appears from her policy in the Federation that Britain is in any case more concerned with gaining the goodwill of the African states; and that—whether Dr. Verwoerd or a more liberal alternative were in power—an increasing divergence of opinion with Britain on vital issues seems inevitable. In my opinion the Nationalist Government has every right to ask that intellectual honesty should prevent the Opposition from making the Republic into a scapegoat for the censure which South Africa's race policies have incurred in Britain and elsewhere, and that the Opposition should ask themselves with how much favour their own policies would have been met. In short, the evolution towards a Republic comes at an unfortunate time for South Africa, on account of the cold war between Communism and the West for the favour of the uncommitted nations.

One fact cannot be argued away: a major constitutional change was effected with no more than a 4 per cent. majority of the enfranchised population. In England this would be at least an unconventional act. But the South African parliamentary tradition has never been so stable as that of this conservative, homogeneous country: one recalls that Smuts had taken the country into the second world war on no more than a 13-vote majority in the House. Such situations do not put a premium on democracy but on statesmanship, and history warns the responsible statesman that the only excuse for radical change without widespread support is success.

The basic question therefore remains: what do the Afrikaners hope to achieve by establishing a Republic? And the central answer is: that it is the only basis for national unity. It is not aimed at a narrow exclusion of influence of the English-speaking South Africans, but, on the contrary, at providing a wider basis of association, wider than a slavish adherence to English tradition. Too much must not be claimed on this account: it is not to be expected that those who oppose the present government will join in enthusiasm for a cause which, as a political victory, enhances its stature. A political victory achieved by a 4 per cent. majority will certainly not bring political unity; for that, it is far too closely associated with the Nationalist Party and everything it stands for.

The Afrikaner Drive for Nationhood

But the Republican issue, as I said, is more than a purely political one. The movement, since General Hertzog raised it at Versailles in 1918, has been part of the Afrikaner drive for nationhood, something they could not achieve while their English-speaking compatriots enjoyed a much closer affinity than they with the Head of State, the Queen; nor within a framework of state which made their country formally an adjunct of another state, especially as this had historically been brought about not by settlement but by war. Even though the Crown is, in constitutional jargon, said to be divisible, the Sovereign remains in a more intimate sense a symbol of the British people in the United Kingdom. A President, as the only and undivided symbol of nationhood, can supply a greater and unique sense of independence, and can so place the relationship with Britain on a firmer footing than before, without the sense of subordination which would have remained implied as long as the Sovereign of Britain automatically had to be South Africa's Sovereign in every succeeding generation.

The Governor-General, even when he has been a South African citizen, has, as an institution, failed to be an adequate substitute for a Head of State. He was always, in the highest office of state, a dualistic symbol: one of South African nationhood and one of a degree of subordination to the British nation through the Crown. This is why the genius of the British Constitution, which focuses the sentiment of national loyalty on the Queen while the Prime Minister remains a controversial political figure, has failed in South Africa. The Queen in Britain represents the continuity of national life and unity of purpose; she is the fountain of honour, moves among her people in ceremony, and is continually informed and consulted by her Ministers of State. South Africa had none

of these advantages of a real Head of State, but under the new constitution she has: a truly sovereign office has been created in the place of that of a representative of a sovereign. The President will be entitled to the dignity of a Head of State according to international comity.

Events in Africa, especially in the Congo, have shocked South Africans of all sections into serious consideration of their future. I believe that there is a widespread desire for a psychological new start, for co-operation on a magnanimous basis. Most people realize well that the country cannot afford sectional appeals on an emotional plane, dating from the Boer War to the Republic, being abused as political platforms to gain votes. One is entitled to cherish one's own heritage, but the future of the country is not to be sought in the past. Under a constitution which is no longer an anomaly, the extremists among the Afrikaners must acknowledge the ox-wagon mentality as out of date, while the hard core of empire builders who have never been willing to place South Africa first, even under Smuts, must once and for all decide which country is 'home'.—*Third Programme*

A different point of view, in a talk by Mark Prestwich, Senior Lecturer in History and Political Studies in the University of Natal, will be published in THE LISTENER next week

The Persian 'Chess-board'

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

EVERYONE from Mr. Khrushchev down, seems to be waiting for a revolution in Persia. The social system is feudal; the ruling class is often corrupt; and there is subversion and repression. But, somehow, I have not had the feeling during this past week in Teheran that Persia is on the edge of going Red. To begin with, it is an enormously old country and proud of its independence. It has more in common with Turkey and Pakistan than it has with, say, Iraq; and its people are emphatically not Arabs, for whom they have little use. They are deeply suspicious of Russia, and have good cause, after being occupied by her twice in the present century. Persians know they must coexist with her and, if Moscow would let them, might well go neutralist—but no further.

As a political force, the peasantry counts for little. The only practical allegiance it knows is to the nearest landlord. In recent years a small but important middle class has grown up in the cities, growing steadily more prosperous, but frustrated by red tape, corruption, and inflation. The thousands of young Persians who attend universities abroad add to this class every year, both in numbers and in impatience. They are the sort of people whose demonstrations earlier this month felled the government and installed a reformist Cabinet under Doctor Amini.

But none of this could have happened without the approval of the Shah. Traditionally, the Crown is the high court of appeal against oppressive officialdom, and the present Shah has shown himself astute in the exercise of that function. Circumstances compel him to work through and with the governing class and the army, but I believe his instinct is towards democracy in so far as democracy is possible here. The weakest point lies in the question: after the Shah, who? The Persian army is not strictly the same as the landed aristocracy. It forms a more powerful element which is always ready to step in if it thinks the politicians are making a mess of things; and it would certainly intervene once more, with the Shah's approval, if another Moussadeq started leading the country too far left. In its upper reaches the army has not escaped the tarnish of corruption. Four generals, turned Ministers, were the first victims of Dr. Amini's purge, and he managed to be careful not to go too far too fast. Probably the biggest problem he has to face is the lack of a properly organized career Civil Service.

The last major piece on the Persian chess-board is the secret police. Without a doubt, this has been used cruelly and unjustly and there is no knowing how many people are in prison without trial or even charge. The machinery of repression tends to become autonomous and self-sustaining, but as a foreign diplomat remarked, I thought realistically, 'With Mr. Khrushchev next door it would be suicide not to have secret police'.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Towards a new 'summit'

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Drinking Deep

IT was only a glass of champagne': that was the pathetic song they sang in earlier days. But in the latest talk broadcast by Mr. A. G. Guest in the 'Law in Action' series (which is published on another page this week) it is a question of a bottle, or rather several bottles, of this celebrated sparkling wine, which, as the learned judge in the case of *J. Bollinger v. Costa Brava Wine Company Limited* noted, is usually associated with festive occasions. The first Earl of Chatham is supposed to have said that he liked a glass of port, but he much preferred a bottle. In the case of champagne, however, there must be many people who have tasted a glass upon one of these festive occasions and have never consumed a bottle or tasted anything else in their lives. And that perhaps, as Mr. Guest shows, was the nub of the case in which the Costa Brava Company called its wine, known in Spain itself as *perelada*, by the name 'Spanish champagne'; and to this, French champagne firms objected. A tricky problem was then presented to the Court. For example, one has drunk South African, Australian, and even British 'sherry'. Indeed, during the war those who enjoyed alcoholic refreshment were regaled with a variety of beverages under a variety of names which tasted very different from those to which formerly they had been accustomed. During wars such drink has a way of disappearing, being cornered in some remote officers' mess, or being forbidden altogether.

What indeed is in a name, one wonders? It is partly what one grows used to. In the United States many different foods kept in the deep-freeze for weeks on end seem to taste precisely the same when they emerge; yet millions of American citizens apparently enjoy chicken or turkey with a flavour of boot-laces; in parts of Britain the steaks and chickens dealt with in some hotel kitchens are reduced to greasy lumps. If you fly to Missouri and see burgundy or claret on a restaurant menu it is not likely to have been nearer France than New York State, although one might find a hock or a claret from Chile. If you are in Portugal you might order a green wine, but it will not be coloured green and may prove to be a powerful emetic. In Greece the wine of the country appears to be flavoured with tar, but if the alternatives are cups of Turkish coffee or aniseed liqueur it can taste extremely refreshing.

Obviously a great deal depends on where you are, how you are, and with whom you are drinking. A *retsina* imbibed in Sparta or Corinth with the history and culture of 2,000 years beating down from the mountains can be sipped as nectar; but on a wet Saturday in Soho it may seem less agreeable. *Vinho verde* drunk after a Portuguese meal of ten courses ranging from sardines through eggs to nuts may be positively exhilarating, but less so with a slice of cheese on an English summer afternoon. New York State wine might be out of place in the Rhineland or Chilean claret in Bordeaux. And even that glorious and refreshing drink *aqua pura*, if accidentally poured from a 'barmaid's bottle', could be mistaken for gin if one is talking and smoking too hard at the time. Life in fact is what you make it. There are fewer connoisseurs of wine than one might have imagined in following the witnesses in the case of *J. Bollinger v. Costa Brava Wine Company Limited*. One fancies that a substantial number of restaurant proprietors are aware of this fact when one studies their wine lists—and their prices.

THERE WAS MUCH speculation in the Western press about the usefulness of an early meeting between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev. Moscow ignored the first reports that such a meeting was planned, and those East European newspapers and stations which gave them prominence emphasized that the source was Washington. The *New York Herald Tribune*, however, complained that Americans had been left 'clumsily in the dark'. The *Washington Post* thought such a meeting could have some value—not as a warning to Mr. Khrushchev about the danger of overplaying his hand, but to discuss certain concrete issues. The *Baltimore Sun* believed there was a risk of the meeting being interpreted as a sort of reflex response to recent American reverses. The *Wall Street Journal* wrote:

About the only value in any Kennedy-Khrushchev encounter would be to let each man size up the other. That may be worth doing, provided no expectations are raised that great things are being accomplished.

West German opinion was divided. *Deutsche Zeitung* conceded that Mr. Kennedy might feel the need to take a step forward but doubted whether a personal approach now to Mr. Khrushchev was the right thing. *Koelnische Rundschau* called the plans for the meeting 'a surprise' and said the Soviet Union might well suppose Mr. Kennedy wanted 'a pause for breath' after so many setbacks. *Stuttgarter Nachrichten* had this comment:

In the summer of 1961 there is only one good reason for talks between the U.S. President and the Head of the Soviet Government, and that is to gain time. If the Americans are convinced that Moscow intends to exacerbate the Berlin crisis this summer and autumn, they can, in the absence of other counter-moves, oppose the Soviet time-schedule with summit talks.

In France, *L'Aurore* emphasized that the initiative had come from Mr. Khrushchev and not from Mr. Kennedy. *Combat* thought that, if the meeting took place, it would be because the young American President had become brutally aware of the weaknesses of his policy. *Le Monde* said Mr. Kennedy had made no secret of the fact that, if he did not get the assurances he wanted from Mr. Khrushchev, he intended to reinforce America's position by every possible means. But the same newspaper felt that the news from the Geneva Conference on Laos showed Mr. Khrushchev understood the need to create a favourable atmosphere for 'summit' talks.

Moscow radio inaugurated special daily transmissions in French to cover the Geneva conference for listeners in South-East Asia. In these, as in other foreign language broadcasts, Moscow put all the blame for the delayed start to the conference on American 'obstruction'. It added however that, as a result of Washington's retreat, 'at present, favourable conditions exist for reaching a peaceful solution of the Laotian problem by negotiations'. Moscow home service said that the conference was 'necessary to the U.S.A. no less, and perhaps even more, than to its other participants', since it had suffered a military defeat. In Peking, the *People's Daily*, maintained that the Pathet Lao forces and Souvanna Phouma's 'government' now controlled two-thirds of Laos; that was why the U.S.A. had come to Geneva, hoping to gain at the conference table what it could not win on the battlefield. Meanwhile the North Vietnamese news agency reported that fourteen town-planning experts had left Hanoi for Laos.

The conciliatory tone of Moscow on Laos was matched by its attitude towards the coup in South Korea. While the Polish news agency said it was generally believed that the United States could easily 'call the leaders of the *putsch* to order', Moscow home service quoted a Paris report that 'the negative attitude of U.S. diplomats and military to the *coup* in Seoul will possibly compel the rebels to adopt the idea of a compromise'.

Cairo radio in Swahili continued to attack Mr. Ngala and the other African members of his Kenya government as British 'stooges' who had 'run to the Europeans to seek help in destroying their own blood—African blood—and to destroy and prevent independence from coming quickly'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

A JAPANESE ARTIST'S CENTENARY

AT THE Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, there is an exhibition of prints by the Japanese artist Kuniyoshi. B. W. ROBINSON, Deputy Keeper of the Metalwork Department there, said in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service):

'One day, when I was a schoolboy of fourteen, my mother took me to the British Museum, and I remember being immediately struck by a remarkable set of large Japanese pictures. I can still see the beautiful young witch in a ruined castle, reading a spell, while a monstrous skeleton looms out of the darkness. Then there was a storm-tossed ship lit up by a lightning flash, and from the waves all round it rose the avenging ghosts of warriors, slaughtered and drowned in a great sea-battle. Then there was the evening of a desperate fight with the last three survivors of a defeated army still holding their tattered standard aloft, but gradually sinking under a pitiless hail of arrows. And there were others like these. That was my introduction to Kuniyoshi, and I could not have had a better one.

'I soon found, as I became more familiar with his work, that it was by no means confined to the legendary and heroic scenes that had at first attracted me, though these were obviously his favourite subjects. He designed masterly landscapes, often experimenting boldly with European ideas, and sometimes lightening them with humorous touches. His prints of actors and women—the perennial best-sellers among Japanese prints—were as good as any of his contemporaries' in the first half of the nineteenth century; and he also published many comic pictures and designs for fans and greeting-cards.

'One of his pupils, Kyosai, has left us an amusing sketch of a typical scene in Kuniyoshi's studio. It shows the master presiding benignly over an unruly crowd of pupils, two of whom are fighting on the floor; and in the bosom of Kuniyoshi's kimono is a cat; another cat rolls on its back on his drawing-board, and two others with their kittens are seated nearby. Indeed, Kuniyoshi had a passion for cats, and they are always finding their way into his prints—cats washing themselves, sleeping, fawning, or stealing the fish.

'Kuniyoshi had been fond of painting and drawing for as long as he could remember, and as a small boy he used to design for his father's silk-dyeing business. When he was eleven he entered the studio of Toyokuni, one of the leading artists of the time, and published his first independent work in 1814, when he was sixteen. After a period of failure and disappointment, he at last made his name in 1827, with a sensational melodramatic series of the 'hundred and eight Chinese heroes'. From then until his death, exactly a hundred years ago, he was at the head of his profession, pouring out his vigorous and versatile designs in enormous numbers. The exhibition provides a



From the centenary exhibition of prints by the Japanese artist Kuniyoshi at the Victoria and Albert Museum: 'The Cat Family at Home' (c. 1840)—

representative survey of his published work, together with some original paintings and sketches, and shows him not only as a great and gifted artist but also as a genial and human personality'.

EVOLUTION OF THE MATCH

'It is hard to believe', said DAVID STONE in 'Today' (Home Service), 'that as comparatively recently as 1835, a tinder box was the only means in many homes to provide fire. It was not

until five years before Waterloo that we had matches that looked something like today's. They came from France, in what was called an "instantaneous light" box. In the box was a small bottle of sulphuric acid, and some sticks with chlorate of potash on the end. The head was dipped in the acid, and there was the flame. A Mr. Samuel Jones, who most appropriately lived at the Light-house in the Strand, brought out his rather similar Promethean matches in 1828. They had their snags, however, and many a man put his hand in his pocket for a match only to find that the acid had spilt and he no longer had a pocket.

'It was a middle-aged bachelor in Stockton-on-Tees, John Walker, who was the inventor of the match we know today. His matches, which were called friction lights, were sold in round tins for 1s. a hundred, plus 2d. for the tin. In each tin was a piece of sandpaper, through which you drew the head of the match. The first sale of Mr. Walker's matches is recorded for April 7, 1827. His friends urged him to patent his invention, but I am afraid that, in the best tradition of such stories, Mr. Walker replied: "The idea is not sufficiently important to warrant it".



—and 'Fuse-Hime Saving Masashi from a Thunderbolt' (c. 1835)

'So the ever-active Mr. Samuel Jones, proprietor of the Promethean match, and of a self-acting coffee pot popular at the time, brought out an exact copy of Mr. Walker's friction lights, and it was Mr. Jones who gave them the name which has lingered on until our own time, lucifers. One of the big drawbacks of lucifers, and indeed of the fuzees, vestas, and vesuvians which followed them, was that they were liable to burst into flame inadvertently. In *The Times* of 1867 we read that the Archduchess Matilda of Hapsburg-Lorraine, a young girl of nineteen, "died on Thursday at 8 o'clock in the morning of a lucifer match". There were many such tragic conflagrations throughout the century, though the invention of the safety match by a Swede in 1855 did much to change this'.

EXPERIMENTS IN COLOUR

This month marks the centenary of the making of the first colour photograph by James Clerk Maxwell. In 'Science Survey' (Home Service) HARRY BAINES describes how it was produced.

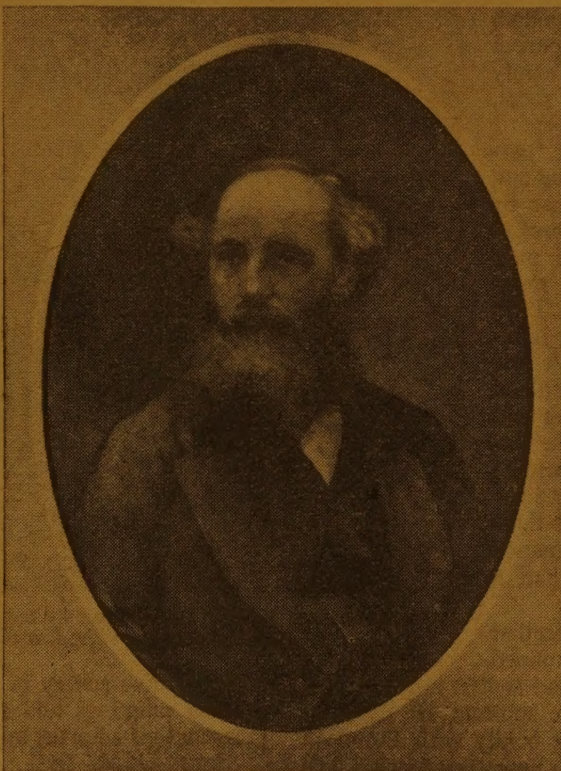
'By colour matching experiments', he said, 'it was deduced as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century that all the spectral colours (and so every colour seen in nature) could be perceived if the eye had three colour receptors only, one sensitive largely to red, one to green, and one to blue; their sensitivities would overlap. One of the supporters of this three-colour theory of colour vision was James Clerk Maxwell, and he thought that photography might help him to prove his point. He conceived the idea that he could reproduce the whole range of colours in a tartan ribbon by combining three photographs of it, each of which recorded the different amounts of red, green, and blue in the various colours in the ribbon.

'Maxwell took his first photographs with a red filter over the lens. With the camera in the same position he took a second photograph with a green filter, and a third with a blue filter. When he developed the three plates, he got three black-and-white negatives of the same subject, and these he printed on to glass plates to make three positive lantern slides. These were records of the amount of red, green, and blue in the tartan ribbon. Maxwell put each slide into a separate projector. He put a red filter over the lens of the lantern with the red record, green over the green record, and blue over the blue. The three lanterns projected on to a screen red, green, and blue images, and by adjusting them so that all three exactly coincided, every colour of the tartan ribbon was reconstructed by adding together the correct amount of red, green, or blue that it contained. In this way he succeeded in producing the first three-colour photograph, and he showed it to an audience at the Royal Institution in London on May 17, 1861.

'In 1869 a remarkable Frenchman, Louis Ducos du Hauron, published a book called *Les Couleurs en Photographie*, in which he suggested many ways in which colour could be reproduced photographically. He pointed out that there is no need to follow the complicated procedure of Clerk Maxwell: all three records could be produced on the same plate. One of the most ingenious ways of doing this was invented by the Lumière brothers in 1907 when they made a plate on which there was a mosaic of starch grains, dyed red, green, or blue. This was a most successful invention because starch grains are far too small to be resolved by the eye, are uniform in size, and fairly transparent. This process, called the "autochrome", lasted until the nineteen-twenties. In the nineteen-thirties the "Dufaycolour" process appeared, in which the tiny colour elements—about 1,000,000 a square inch—were produced by a miracle of mechanical printing.

'All these processes depend on adding together the requisite amounts of red, green, and blue in any picture: they are additive processes. Nowadays we use the alternative process—the subtractive process. In it the amount of red, green, and blue that the original colours absorb are subtracted from white light, leaving the correct amounts of each colour to reconstruct the original.

The first subtractive colour material suitable for large-scale use appeared in 1935, and it was so successful that all colour materials of today are based on the same principle'.



James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879)

National Portrait Gallery

'TAKE MY SEAT'

'I think perhaps the opposite sex doesn't quite realize what a man goes through over this business of offering his seat to ladies on underground trains', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Home for the Day' (Home Service). 'There he is, comfortably sitting on the Central Line, with about fourteen young women hanging from the roof before his very eyes, and his immediate instinct is to invite one of them to sit down. But he doesn't immediately do it. For one thing he has to decide which one. He wants to be fair. Which of them looks tired and drooping? Which carries the fattest, heaviest handbag, and so on? And if he picks the tireddest looking one, will she be insulted because she thinks *he* thinks she looks a wreck and won't be able to hang on to the strap much longer? And what with needing about three stations to get your courage up anyway, you're usually in quite a state by the time you suddenly spring from

your seat. It has to be sudden, otherwise the impulse passes.

'It's quite an ordeal, offering seats to ladies. To start with, it makes you highly conspicuous. As soon as you get up you realize that all the nearby passengers are giving you startled looks. "What's the matter with him", they seem to be saying, "going to have a fit or something?" And you can see the really nervous ones checking with the photograph of the Wanted Man in their evening newspapers.

'Of course, the woman you've actually selected to be on the receiving end of this bit of chivalry gives you the look of wildest alarm. She often turns smartly away and strikes up an animated conversation with her girl-friend and pretends she hasn't heard you. The girl who does answer, when she's got over the first rush of surprise, usually says, "I'm quite all right, thank you". Or, sometimes, "No, thanks, we're together". And then you realize that the young man who's been making sheep's eyes at her ever since Charing Cross is actually her boy friend, and now he's making anything but sheep's eyes at *you*. But their favourite evading action is that old one about "It's all right, I'm getting out at the next station". Whatever happens, they never just say "Thank you" and sit down. I wish they would. If only they knew what a fool a man feels, after all the ceremonial of making this gesture, finally having to accept his own offer of a seat, and collapse into it, crimson, waiting for the next station—where *he'll* get out, anyway, even if it means being stuck on the platform for twenty minutes'.



What is History?

The Widening Horizon

By E. H. CARR

HISTORY begins when men begin to think of the passage of time in terms not of natural processes—the cycle of the seasons, the human life-span—but of a series of specific events in which men are consciously involved and which they can consciously influence. History, says Burckhardt, is 'the break with nature caused by the awakening of consciousness'. History is the long struggle of man, by the exercise of his reason, to understand his environment and to act upon it. But the modern period has broadened the struggle in a revolutionary way. Man now seeks to understand, and to act on, not only his environment, but himself; and this has added, so to speak, a new dimension to reason, and a new dimension to history. The present age is the most historically minded of all ages. Modern man is to an unprecedented degree self-conscious and therefore conscious of history.

The change in the modern world which consisted in the development of man's consciousness of himself may be said to begin with Descartes, who first established man's position as a being who cannot only think, but think about his own thinking, who can observe himself in the act of observing, so that man is simultaneously the subject and the object of thought and observation. But the development did not become fully explicit till the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Rousseau opened up new depths of human self-understanding and self-consciousness, and gave man a new outlook on the world of nature and on traditional civilization, which found their expression in the French Revolution and in the Romantic movement.

A Gradual Transition

The transition from the eighteenth century to the modern world was long and gradual. Its representative philosophers were Hegel and Marx, both of whom occupy an ambivalent position. Hegel is rooted in the idea of objective laws of providence converted into laws of reason. Hegel's world-spirit grasps providence firmly with one hand and reason with the other. Hegel's equivalent for Adam Smith's 'hidden hand' was the famous 'cunning of reason' which sets men to work to fulfil purposes of which they are not conscious. But Hegel was none the less the philosopher of the French Revolution, the first philosopher to see the essence of reality in historical change and in the development of man's consciousness of himself. Development in history meant development towards the consciousness of freedom. Herzen's description of Hegel's doctrine as 'the algebra of revolution' was singularly apt. Hegel provided the notation, but gave it no practical content. It was left for Marx to write the arithmetic into Hegel's algebraic equations.

A disciple both of Adam Smith and of Hegel, Marx started from the conception of a world ordered by rational laws of nature. Like Hegel, but this time in a practical and concrete form, he made the transition to the conception of a world ordered by laws evolving through a rational process in response to man's revolutionary initiative. What Marx offers is a synthesis of objective laws and of conscious action to translate them into practice. Marx constantly writes of laws to which men have hitherto been subject without being conscious of them; he more than once drew attention to what he called the 'false consciousness' of those enmeshed in a capitalist economy and capitalist society. But Marx's writings are also full of calls for conscious revolutionary action. 'Philosophers have only interpreted the world differently', ran the famous thesis on Feuerbach; 'but the point is to change it'. It was the proletariat which would dissolve the false consciousness of capitalist society, and introduce the true consciousness of the classless society.

But the failure of the revolutions of 1848 was a serious and dramatic set-back to developments which had seemed imminent when Marx began to work. The latter part of the nineteenth

century passed in an atmosphere which was still predominantly one of prosperity and security. It was not until the turn of the century that we complete the transition to the contemporary period of history, in which the primary function of reason is no longer to understand objective laws governing the behaviour of man in society, but rather to reshape society and the individuals who compose it by conscious action. In Marx, 'class', though not precisely defined, remains on the whole an objective conception to be established by economic analysis. In Lenin, the emphasis shifts from 'class' to 'party', which constitutes the vanguard of the class and infuses into it the necessary element of class-consciousness. In Marx, 'ideology' is a negative term—a product of the false consciousness of the capitalist order of society. In Lenin 'ideology' becomes neutral or positive—a belief implanted by an élite of class-conscious leaders into a mass of potentially class-conscious workers. The moulding of class-consciousness is no longer an automatic process, but a job to be undertaken.

The Enigmatic Figure of Freud

The other great thinker who has added a fresh dimension to reason in our time is Freud. Freud remains today a somewhat enigmatic figure. He was by training and background a nineteenth-century liberal individualist, and accepted without question the misleading assumption of a fundamental antithesis between the individual and society. Freud, approaching man as a biological rather than as a social entity, tended to treat the social environment as something historically given rather than as something in constant process of creation and transformation by man himself. He has always been attacked by the Marxists for approaching what are really social problems from the standpoint of the individual, and condemned as a reactionary on that account; and this charge, which was valid only in part against Freud himself, has been much more fully justified by the current neo-Freudian school in the United States, which assumes that maladjustments are inherent in the individual and not in the structure of society, and treats the adaptation of the individual to society as the essential function of psychology.

The other popular charge against Freud, that he has extended the role of the irrational in human affairs, is totally false, and rests on a crude confusion between recognition of the irrational element in human behaviour and a cult of the irrational. That a cult of the irrational does exist in the English-speaking world today, mainly in the form of a depreciation of the achievements and potentialities of reason, is unfortunately true; it is part of the current wave of pessimism and ultra-conservatism to which I will refer later. But this does not stem from Freud, who was an unqualified and rather primitive rationalist. What Freud did was to extend the range of our knowledge and understanding by opening up the unconscious roots of human behaviour to consciousness and to rational inquiry. This was an extension of the domain of reason, an increase in man's power to understand and control himself, and therefore his environment; and it represents a revolutionary and progressive achievement.

Twofold Significance for the Historian

For the historian, Freud's special significance is twofold. In the first place, Freud has driven the last nail into the coffin of the ancient illusion that the motives from which men allege or believe themselves to have acted are in fact adequate to explain their action: this is a negative achievement of some importance, though the positive claim of some enthusiasts to throw light on the behaviour of the great men of history by the methods of psycho-analysis should be taken with a pinch of salt. The procedure of psycho-analysis rests on the cross-examination of the patient who is being investigated: you cannot cross-examine the dead. Secondly, Freud, reinforcing the work of Marx, has

encouraged the historian to examine himself and his own position in history, the motives—perhaps hidden motives—which have guided his choice of theme or period and his selection and interpretation of the facts, the national and social background which has determined his angle of vision, the conception of the future which shapes his conception of the past. Since Marx and Freud wrote, the historian has no excuse to think of himself as a detached individual standing outside society and outside history. This is the age of self-consciousness; the historian can and should know what he is doing.

Symptoms of Revolutionary Change

This transition to what I have called the contemporary world—the extension to new spheres of the function and power of reason—is not yet complete: it is part of the revolutionary change through which the twentieth-century world is passing. I should like to examine some of the main symptoms of the transition.

Let me begin with economics. Down to 1914 belief in objective economic laws, which governed the economic behaviour of men and nations, and which they could defy only to their own detriment, was still virtually unchallenged. Trade cycles, price fluctuations, unemployment were determined by those laws. As late as 1930, when the great depression set in, this was still the dominant view. Thereafter things moved fast. In the nineteen-thirties, people began to talk of 'the end of economic man', meaning the man who consistently pursued his economic interests in accordance with economic laws; and since then nobody, except a few Rip Van Winkles of the nineteenth century, believes in economic laws in this sense. Today economics has become either a series of theoretical mathematical equations, or a practical study of how some people push others around. The change is mainly a product of the transition from individual to large-scale capitalism. So long as the individual entrepreneur and merchant predominated, nobody seemed in control of the economy, or capable of influencing it in any significant way; and the illusion of impersonal laws and processes was preserved. But with the transition from a laissez-faire economy to a managed economy (whether a managed capitalist economy or a socialist economy; whether the management is done by large-scale capitalist, and nominally private, concerns or by the state), this illusion is dissolved. It becomes clear that certain people are taking certain decisions for certain ends, and that these decisions set our economic course for us. Everyone knows today that the price of oil or soap does not vary in response to some objective law of supply and demand. Everyone knows, or thinks he knows, that slumps and unemployment are man-made: governments admit, indeed claim, that they know how to cure them. The transition has been made from laissez-faire to planning, from the unconscious to the self-conscious, from belief in objective economic laws to belief that man by his own action can be the master of his economic destiny. Social policy has gone hand in hand with economic policy: indeed, economic policy has been incorporated in social policy.

Malthus's Epoch-making Work

At the end of the eighteenth century Malthus in an epoch-making work attempted to establish objective laws of population working, like Adam Smith's laws of the market, without anyone being conscious of the process. Today nobody believes in such objective laws; but the control of population has become a matter of rational and conscious social policy. Let me quote from the last volume of the first *Cambridge Modern History*, published in 1910, a highly perceptive comment from a writer who was anything but a Marxist and had probably never heard of Lenin:

The belief in the possibility of social reform by conscious effort is the dominant current of the European mind; it has superseded the belief in liberty as the one panacea . . . Its currency in the present is as significant and as pregnant as the belief in the rights of man about the time of the French revolution.

Today, fifty years after this passage was written, more than forty years after the Russian revolution, and thirty years after the great depression, this belief has become a commonplace; and the transition from submission to objective economic laws which, though supposedly rational, were beyond man's control, to belief in the capacity of man to control his economic destiny by conscious action seems to me to represent an advance in the applica-

tion of reason to human affairs, an increased capacity in man to understand and master himself and his environment, which I should be prepared, if necessary, to call by the old-fashioned name of progress.

This expansion of reason is merely part of the process which I called in an earlier lecture 'individualization'—the diversification of individual skills and occupations and opportunities which is the concomitant of an advancing civilization. Perhaps the most far-reaching social consequence of the industrial revolution has been the progressive increase in the numbers of those who learn to think, to use their reason. More than thirty years ago a high German military officer visiting the Soviet Union listened to some illuminating remarks from a Soviet officer concerned with the building up of the Red Air Force:

We Russians have to do with still primitive human material. We are compelled to adapt the flying machine to the type of flyer who is at our disposal. To the extent to which we are successful in developing a new type of man, the technical development of the material will also be perfected. The two factors condition each other. Primitive men cannot be put into complicated machines.

Today, a bare generation later, we know that Russian machines are no longer primitive, and that millions of Russian men and women who plan, build, and operate these machines are no longer primitive either. The rationalization of production means something far more important—the rationalization of man. In every society all over the world today primitive men are learning to use complicated machines, and in so doing are learning to use their reason. The revolution, which you may justly call a social revolution but which I will call in the present context the expansion of reason, is only just beginning. But it is advancing at a staggering pace to keep abreast of the staggering technological advances of the last generation. It seems to me one of the major aspects of our twentieth-century revolution.

Shift away from Western Europe

The second aspect of the progressive revolution through which we are passing is the changed shape of the world. The great period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which the medieval world finally broke up in ruins and the foundations of the modern world were laid, was marked by the discovery of new continents and by the passing of the world centre of gravity from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Atlantic. Now, after 400 years, the world centre of gravity has definitely shifted away from western Europe. Nor is this the only, or perhaps the most significant, change. It is by no means clear that the world centre of gravity now resides, or will continue for long to reside, in the English-speaking world with its western European annexe. It appears to be the great land-mass of eastern Europe and Asia, with its extensions into Africa, which today calls the tune in world affairs. The 'unchanging east' is nowadays a singularly worn-out cliché.

Let us take a quick look at what has happened to Asia in the present century. The story begins with the Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902—the first admission of an Asiatic country to the charmed circle of European Great Powers. It may perhaps be regarded as a coincidence that Japan signalized her promotion by challenging and defeating Russia, and, in so doing, kindled the first spark which ignited the great twentieth-century revolution. The French revolutions of 1789 and 1848 had found their imitators in Europe. The first Russian revolution of 1905 awakened no echo in Europe, but found its imitators in Asia: in the next few years revolutions occurred in Persia, in Turkey, and in China. The first world war saw the stimulation of industrial development in many Asian countries, of anti-foreign feeling in China and of Indian nationalism, and the birth of Arab nationalism. The Russian revolution of 1917 provided a further and decisive impulse. What was significant here was that its leaders looked persistently, but in vain, for imitators in Europe, and finally found them in Asia. It was Europe that had become 'unchanging', Asia that was on the move. The historian is hardly yet in a position to assess the scope and significance of the Asian and African revolution. But the spread of modern technological and industrial processes, and of the beginnings of education and political consciousness, to millions of the population of Asia and

Africa, is changing the face of these continents; and, while I cannot peer into the future, I do not know of any standard of judgment which would allow me to regard this as anything but a progressive development in the perspective of world history.

When Modern History Begins

Modern history begins when more and more people emerge into social and political consciousness, become aware of their respective groups as historical entities having a past and a future, and enter fully into history. It is only within the last 200 years at most, even in a few advanced countries, that social, political, and historical consciousness has begun to spread to anything like a majority of the population. It is only today that it has become possible for the first time even to imagine a whole world consisting of peoples who have in the fullest sense entered into history, and become the concern, no longer of the colonial administrator or of the anthropologist, but of the historian.

In the meanwhile what are we historians or political thinkers doing to take account of this historical revolution? In the opening sentences of my first lecture I drew attention to the sharp difference of outlook which separates the middle years of the twentieth century from the last years of the nineteenth. When Acton spoke of progress, he did not think in terms of the popular British concept of 'gradualism'. 'The method of modern progress', he said in a lecture on modern history ten years later, 'was revolution'; and in another lecture he spoke of 'the advent of general ideas which we call revolution'. The generation of Acton suffered, no doubt, from overweening self-confidence and optimism, and did not sufficiently realize the precarious nature of the structure on which its faith rested. But it possessed two things both of which we badly need today: a sense of change as a progressive factor in history, and belief in reason as our guide for the understanding of its complexities.

Let us listen by way of contrast to some voices of the nineteenthies. I quoted in an earlier lecture Sir Lewis Namier's expression of satisfaction that, while 'practical solutions' were sought for 'concrete problems', 'programmes and ideals are forgotten by both parties', and his description of this as a symptom of 'national maturity'. I am not fond of these analogies between the life-span of individuals and that of nations; and, if such an analogy is invoked, it tempts one to ask what follows when we have passed the stage of 'maturity'. But what interests me is the sharp contrast drawn between the practical and the concrete, which are praised, and 'programmes and ideals', which are condemned.

Hall-mark of Conservatism

This exaltation of practical action over idealistic theorizing is the hall-mark of conservatism; I am not, of course, using the word in a party political sense. In Namier's thought it represents the voice of the eighteenth century, of the England at the accession of George III, protesting against the impending onset of the French revolution and what Acton called the reign of ideas. But the same familiar expression of out-and-out conservatism in the form of out-and-out empiricism is highly popular in our day. It may be found in its most popular form in Professor Trevor-Roper's remark that, 'when radicals scream that victory is indubitably theirs, sensible conservatives knock them on the nose'. Professor Oakeshott offers us a more sophisticated version of this fashionable empiricism: in our political concerns, he tells us, we 'sail a boundless and bottomless sea', where there is 'neither starting-point nor appointed destination', and where our sole aim can be 'to keep afloat on an even keel'.

I need not pursue the catalogue of recent writers who have denounced political 'utopianism' and 'messianism'; these have become the current terms of opprobrium for far-reaching radical ideas on the future of society. Nor shall I attempt to discuss recent trends in the United States, where historians and political theorists have had fewer inhibitions than their colleagues in this country in openly proclaiming their allegiance to conservatism. I will quote only a remark by one of the most distinguished and most moderate of American conservative historians, Professor Samuel Morison of Harvard, who in his presidential address to the American Historical Association in December 1950 thought that the time had come for a reaction

against what he called 'the Jefferson-Jackson - F. D. Roosevelt line', and pleaded for a history of the United States 'written from a sanely conservative point of view'.

But it is Professor Popper who, at any rate in Great Britain, has once more expressed this cautious conservative outlook in its clearest and most uncompromising form. Echoing Namier's rejection of 'programmes and ideals', he attacks policies which allegedly aim at 're-modelling the "whole of society" in accordance with a definite plan', commends what he calls 'piecemeal social engineering', and does not apparently shrink from the imputation of 'piecemeal tinkering' and 'muddling through'. On one point, indeed, I should pay tribute to Professor Popper. He remains a stout defender of reason, and will have no truck with past or present excursions into irrationalism. But, if we look into his prescription of 'piecemeal social engineering', we shall see how limited is the role which he assigns to reason. Though his definition of 'piecemeal engineering' is not very precise, we are specifically told that criticism of 'ends' is excluded; and the cautious examples which he gives of its legitimate activities show plainly that it is intended to operate within the assumptions of our existing society. The status of reason in Professor Popper's scheme of things is, in fact, rather like that of a British civil servant, qualified to administer the policies of the government in power and even to suggest practical improvements to make them work better, but not to question their fundamental presuppositions or ultimate purposes.

The Basis for Human Progress

This is useful work: I, too, have been a civil servant in my day. But the subordination of reason to the assumptions of the existing order seems to me in the long run wholly unacceptable. Progress in human affairs, whether in science or in history or in society, has come mainly through the bold readiness of human beings not to confine themselves to seeking piecemeal improvements in the way things are done, but to present fundamental challenges in the name of reason to the current way of doing things and to the avowed or hidden assumptions on which it rests. I look forward to a time when the historians and sociologists and political thinkers of the English-speaking world will regain their courage for that task.

It is, however, not the waning faith in reason among the intellectuals and the political thinkers of the English-speaking world which perturbs me most, but the loss of the pervading sense of a world in perpetual motion. This seems at first sight paradoxical; for rarely has so much superficial talk been heard of changes going on around us. But the significant thing is that change is no longer thought of as achievement, as opportunity, as progress, but as an object of fear. The 'winds of change' are an elemental phenomenon which we cannot control and to which we bend because we have to. When our political and economic pundits prescribe, they have nothing to offer us but the warning to mistrust radical and far-reaching ideas, to shun anything that savours of revolution, and to advance—if advance we must—as slowly and cautiously as we can. At a moment when the world is changing its shape more rapidly and more radically than at any time in the last 400 years, this seems to me a singular blindness, which gives ground for apprehension, not that the world-wide movement will be stayed, but that this country—and perhaps other English-speaking countries—may lag behind the general advance, and relapse helplessly and uncomplainingly into some windless and nostalgic backwater.

For myself I remain an optimist; and when Sir Lewis Namier warns me to eschew programmes and ideals, and Professor Oakeshott tells me that we are going nowhere in particular and that all that matters is to see that nobody rocks the boat, and Professor Popper wants to keep that dear old T-model on the road by dint of a little piecemeal engineering, and Professor Trevor Roper knocks screaming radicals on the nose, and Professor Morison pleads for history written in a sane conservative spirit, I shall look out on a world in tumult and a world in travail, and shall answer in the well-worn words of a great scientist: 'And yet—it moves'.

This is the last of six talks in the Third Programme based on Mr. Carr's recent Trevelyan Lectures to Cambridge University: they will be published in book form by Macmillan next autumn

Great Advocates

Lord Chief Justice in the Making

LORD BIRKETT on Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C.

IT is now nearly fifty years since Rufus Isaacs became Lord Chief Justice of England. That great office, dating back to the Norman Conquest, is thought by many to be the richest prize of the legal world; and Rufus Isaacs gained it within twenty-six years of his call to the Bar. I have a special reason to remember him. As a very inexperienced junior counsel I had come up to London from Birmingham to argue a small case in the Court of Criminal Appeal. That court is normally composed of three judges, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice, and they sit in the largest court in the Strand in all the majesty of their scarlet and ermine. I was a little overawed by the solemnity and splendour of my new surroundings, and the last thought in my head was that one day I should sit where these men like gods were now sitting. But what really captured my imagination was the sight of Rufus Isaacs, then Lord Reading, the new Lord Chief Justice. He looked so dignified and self-possessed sitting there with his handsome aquiline face; and when he spoke his voice was deep and resonant and most memorable. When my appeal was over and he delivered the judgment of the court, he went out of his way to say a few words of encouragement to me, with a kindly smile and a courteous inclination of the head. It was utterly unexpected but I knew then what charm of manner and courtesy can do to win allegiance, and also what a kindly word from the Bench can do to help the beginner at the start of his hard and difficult journey.

Second Choice of a Profession

The Bar was Rufus Isaacs's second choice of a profession after an ignominious failure in his first. He had been unable to meet his obligations on the Stock Exchange, was hammered, and had perforce to abandon that vocation. In that desperate moment the uppermost thought in his mind was to go to America to start a new life; he became a lawyer because his mother came to him and besought him not to cut himself off from his friends. It may seem a strange thing to say, but all the great offices subsequently filled by Rufus Isaacs—Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice of England, Ambassador to the United States, Viceroy of India, Foreign Secretary—came to him because he had first shown his remarkable gifts in the Courts of Law. He was born in London in 1860, the son of well-to-do parents, who sent him to a Jewish preparatory school and other schools in Brussels and London and Hanover. But because of his setback on the Stock Exchange, he was twenty-seven years old when he was called to the Bar. Although he was without public school or university experience, he knew something of commerce and with his natural aptitude for figures he made headway at once. Most men spend long years in County Courts and Magistrates' Courts, at Sessions and Assizes in the country, slowly building up their practice; but Rufus Isaacs rarely left London and after the first five years his practice was almost entirely in the High Court. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1898 and Marshall Hall took Silk at the same time. In the six years that followed his taking Silk he was engaged in many cases that brought his name prominently before the public, some of which are now forgotten, but some have shaped and fashioned the law as it is applied in the courts today.

The greatness of Rufus Isaacs was shown by his amazing versatility and his supreme skill in every kind of case in which he was engaged. Three cases of his never seem to lose their power over the imagination: the first of them was the trial of Whittaker Wright in 1904. Isaacs had only been a Silk for six years when he was called upon to prosecute this great financier. Whittaker Wright had started from nothing and by the time he was thirty, largely by speculation in America, he was a very rich man. He came back to England and was soon involved in vast financial transactions. The members of the public tumbled over

each other to subscribe for his shares, and he presented to the world a tremendously impressive figure of solid prosperity on an enormous scale. He had all the outward trappings of great wealth: the gorgeous mansion in Park Lane, the fabulous country mansion at Godalming with its priceless furniture and fittings, its woods and lakes, and a great army of workmen continually at work building and creating a palace of extreme and extravagant luxury. But in 1900 the incredible thing happened. He was unable to meet his obligations despite all his manipulations and manoeuvring, and all his vast empire was suddenly in utter ruin. Thousands were ruined with him and many members of the Stock Exchange among them. The authorities seemed reluctant to prosecute, but the angry stockbrokers obtained an order from a Chancery judge sanctioning a prosecution for publishing false balance sheets, knowing them to be false with intent to defraud.

Rare and Special Advocacy

Rufus Isaacs prosecuted for the stockbrokers and described the case as one of extreme complexity, as indeed it was. It was tried at the Law Courts in the Strand in order to have a Special Jury, and this was to have tragic consequences because prisoners are searched before trial at the Old Bailey, but that was not done at the Law Courts. Rufus Isaacs spoke for five hours in explaining the case to the jury. When the evidence was called he steered his way through the astonishing complications with unruffled ease to the admiration of everybody who watched him. This was advocacy of a rare and special kind, seen at its best in the grasp of detail combined with the superlative gift of explaining complicated figures with complete lucidity to lay minds. It was not a case for eloquence; it was a case for patient exposition in plain speech.

Whittaker Wright went into the witness box when the trial had lasted more than a week and he soon showed that he, too, was the master of every detail. Men watched the duel between Isaacs and Whittaker Wright with a kind of spellbound admiration for both witness and counsel. But Isaacs relentlessly broke through every defence of Whittaker Wright and when he left the witness box he was a broken and ruined man—and knew it. As though he had anticipated the verdict and the sentence of seven years penal servitude, he had scribbled the Roman numeral VII on the writing pad he had used; seven years being the maximum sentence the Statute laid down for his offence. When he was taken to the room he had been using at the Courts he thanked all who had helped him at the trial, and then in the act of lighting a cigar he suddenly fell to the ground, and in a moment he was dead. He had taken cyanide of potassium and had apparently had the tablet at the back of his mouth throughout the day's events.

The magnificent conduct of the case, the superb cross-examination of the great financier, the masterly grasp of the most complicated facts, the lucidity with which he explained the case to the jury—all these things placed Rufus Isaacs at the summit of his profession. He was then only forty-three years old.

Election to Parliament

In 1904 Rufus Isaacs became the Liberal member for Reading and there is no doubt that his victory was due in some measure to the fact that he was already a national figure because of his prowess in the Courts of Law. But election to Parliament meant no cessation in the long line of famous cases. In 1905 there was another one on which Rufus Isaacs prided himself and with good reason. It was the defence of Sir Edward Russell, afterwards the first Lord Russell of Liverpool and the editor of a great Liberal newspaper—the *Liverpool Daily Post*. In the North Country town where I was born it was followed with absorbing interest and I can recall the excitement of it to this day. Sir Edward Russell had

attacked the members of the Licensing Committee of the Liverpool Justices, because he said that they were not really trying to reduce the number of public houses in Liverpool as the Licensing Act of 1904 allowed; and he added that it was only what was to be expected of the friends of the liquor trade. The eight Conservative members of the committee considered this to be a reflection on their personal honour; rather hastily, and very unwisely, they decided to prosecute Sir Edward in the criminal courts for criminal libel. The proceedings were taken by way of a Criminal Information which took the place of an Indictment and did away with the preliminaries in the Magistrates' Courts, so the first hearing of the case was at the Liverpool Assizes in St. George's Hall.

In Liverpool, and the North Country in particular, the announcement of these criminal proceedings came with a tremendous shock. It was the topic on every tongue. Russell pleaded Not Guilty and said that the alleged libel was true and published in the public interest and that there was no imputation of corrupt or dishonest motives. The trial lasted for three days and was a resounding triumph for Rufus Isaacs. He regarded it as an opportunity to vindicate the right of free speech and to vindicate it in one of the great Conservative strongholds. By an adroit cross-examination, he elicited the fact that the whole of the proceedings of the Licensing Committee were conducted on party lines, and also obtained a valuable admission from Sir Charles Petrie, one of the eight Plaintiffs, that when he read the article he had not construed it as an imputation of corrupt or dishonest motives.

When he opened the defence, in the presence of a crowded court, Rufus Isaacs made one of the finest speeches of his life. He opened on a confident and compelling note with all the charm of his melodious voice:

'I don't hesitate to say', [he said] 'that not only was Sir Edward Russell entitled to make the observation contained in this article upon the action of these Licensing Justices in Liverpool, who were the predominant political party on this Committee, but that he was entitled to comment on the attitude of the judge on the Bench, and upon the action of all the magistrates in every court throughout the country. . . . Fox's Act established this one great principle, the fundamental principle of justice in this country—that the question whether an article is a libel is not to be decided by the judge, however strong his views may be, but the question is to be decided . . . by the jury. This is the law of this free country, and you, Gentlemen, are called upon to administer that law'.

He made another powerful speech after Sir Edward had given evidence, and Mr. Justice Bray, who presided, praised them highly. In his second speech Rufus Isaacs had the rare and satisfying experience of asking the jury to follow the view of one of the Plaintiffs, Sir Charles Petrie, and the jury of Liverpool citizens did so. It is no wonder that the *Liverpool Daily Post* said next day:

And perhaps the greatest result . . . will be that the magnificent championship of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, worthy of Erskine and Lord Russell of Killowen, acknowledged by the very Bench to have conferred distinction on the Northern Circuit and on the whole Bar, will arouse the Press to a sense of its rights, and the country to a recognition of the services the Press renders to the causes of reform.

But the case by which Rufus Isaacs will be best remembered is the trial of Frederick Seddon and his wife on a charge of

murdering their lodger, Miss Barrow, by the administration of arsenic. It was the case in which Marshall Hall made such a splendid defence, and with Rufus Isaacs, then Attorney-General, prosecuting for the Crown, the case became one of the most famous in our history, both for the manner in which it was conducted and for the sustained interest the evidence aroused.

Seddon was a most intelligent man, but he was a miser and avaricious in the extreme. Fate so decreed that he took into his house as a lodger a sick and slightly mad old lady who was as avaricious and miserly as himself. She was also the possessor of a few thousand pounds' worth of property. When she died, only a year or so later, all her property was found to be in the hands of Seddon. He spent the smallest possible sum over her funeral, and wrangled over that; finally forcing a small commission of twelve shillings and sixpence from the undertaker. He roused the suspicions of Miss Barrow's relatives by his behaviour, and the body of Miss Barrow was exhumed. It contained more than two grains of arsenic, which meant that at least five grains had been taken within two days of death: and that was a fatal dose. The all-important question at the trial was whether it could be proved that the Seddons had administered arsenic to Miss Barrow.

The only source of arsenic suggested was in some fly-papers said to have been bought at a chemist's by Maggie Seddon, their sixteen-year-old daughter: but Marshall Hall blew the evidence of identification of Maggie by the chemist sky high. No other source was ever suggested. With the fly-paper evidence out of the way, Mrs. Seddon had as much opportunity of administering the poison as her husband, and motive was not lacking on her part as well. Why, then, was Seddon convicted and Mrs. Seddon acquitted? The answer most certainly is: because of the Criminal

Evidence Act of 1898. That Act enabled Seddon to give evidence and he *wanted* to give evidence. It has been said that Marshall Hall was opposed to this course, but Seddon was a headstrong man and inordinately confident of his power to stand up to the cross-examination of Rufus Isaacs, the most brilliant cross-examiner of the day: and so he went into the box and—mark it well—he destroyed himself.

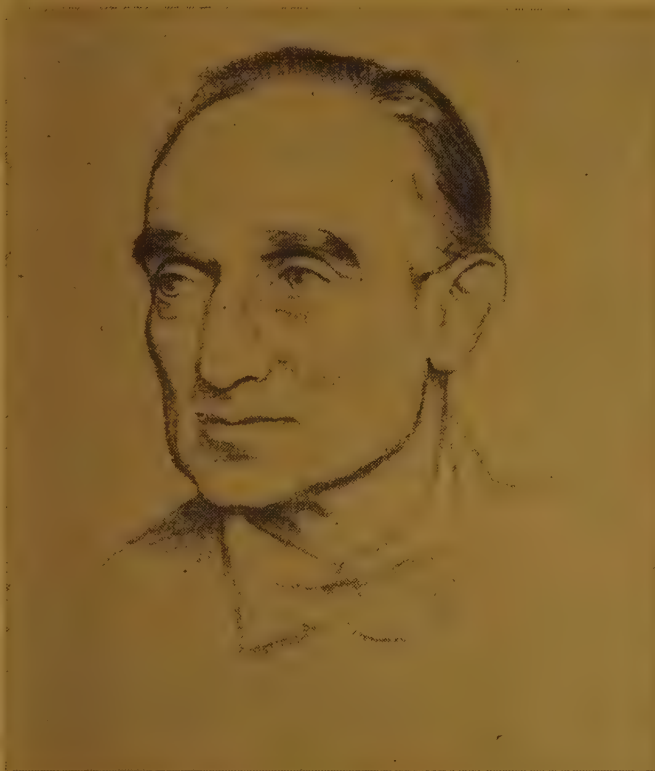
The cross-examination of Rufus Isaacs was as near perfection as can be imagined: cool, calm, suave, incisive, searching, but never oppressive, conducting himself throughout with an unflinching courtesy, he allowed Seddon to show himself in his true character—a hard-bargaining, selfish, cruel, and money-loving man. 'Mr. Seddon'—observe the 'Mr.', for it was used with intent, and with great effect—'Mr. Seddon', said that calm, courteous voice, 'Did Miss Barrow live with you from July 1910 till September 1911?'

'Yes', said Seddon.

'Did you like her?'

It was almost too much for Seddon in its surprise and subtlety, and he could only repeat the question: 'Did I like her?' He could not say 'Yes', for the jury already knew the repellent character of Miss Barrow; he could not say 'No', for that might strengthen the motive for the poisoning; but he showed his acuteness of mind by saying: 'She wasn't a woman you could have been in love with, but I sympathised with her deeply'.

His cross-examination lasted six hours and the longer it lasted the clearer it became that Seddon was the murderer. It was not



Rufus Isaacs, 1st Marquess of Reading (1860-1935): a portrait by Sir William Rothenstein

National Portrait Gallery

being proved by the Crown witnesses; it was being proved by Seddon himself. The jury were no longer troubled about where the arsenic was procured, or by whose hand it was administered. Poison was undoubtedly the cause of death, and Seddon had the opportunity to administer it. There was motive in the horrible greed revealed by the financial transactions, and to crown it all, here was all Miss Barrow's little fortune in the hands of Seddon; and he had revealed himself as a callous monster. When he was questioned by Rufus Isaacs about having been seen counting out Miss Barrow's gold on the very afternoon of her death, he flared up with indignation, but could not forbear to add, 'I would have had all day to count the money', an answer which visibly tightened the coils about him. The evidence against Seddon was

not overwhelming, but by his answers to cross-examination he showed plainly that he knew much more about the murder than he admitted; and the measure of the skill of Rufus Isaacs was that he led Seddon to convict himself. He led, and Seddon had to follow. Guilt can be led to bring itself out into the open, as I discovered for myself in 1931 when I had a similar experience with a man named Rouse.

Rufus Isaacs was soon to leave the Bar for the Bench, but notwithstanding all the glories and the triumphs that lay ahead of him in the legal and the political spheres, it is as a great advocate that he will be longest remembered; for there in the Courts—in the front row—was the source of all his strength and the foundation of his wonderful career.

—From a broadcast in the Home Service

Poet and Prophet

FRANCIS WATSON on Rabindranath Tagore

IF Sir George Birdwood had not publicly compared the carved figure of the Buddha to a boiled suet pudding, as he did in 1910, I wonder if I should be talking about Rabindranath Tagore in 1961? Would the centenary of the Indian poet's birth have been commemorated, as it is now being commemorated almost all over the world? Would his fame not have been almost confined to his own country? I do not know. But I do know that Sir George Birdwood's magnificent ineptitude had the effect of turning William Rothenstein from an admirer of Indian art into a champion of it. He and others came together in protest to form London's first India Society.

A Chance Meeting

A little later Rothenstein made his first and only journey to India, and there met Rabindranath Tagore, of whom he had never heard, almost by chance. The result was not simply that when Tagore came to England in the following year, 1912, he could find a welcome in the Vale of Health on Hampstead Heath. Even the assurance of an encouraging audience among Rothenstein's literary friends for the poet's English renderings of some of his Bengali lyrics is not the crux of the matter. The point is that Rothenstein felt these poems ought to be published, for the better appreciation of Indian culture. That suet pudding, if I may say so, was still sticking in a number of throats. So they were published under the title of *Gitanjali* and with an enthusiastic preface by Yeats. Meanwhile Tagore had visited America; and he was back in India, in the relative solitude of rural Bengal, when it was announced, in November 1913, that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was not to know that he had won it in competition with Anatole France and Thomas Hardy. But he did know, as his immediate reaction showed, that with the honour came what he called 'a stupendous amount of unreality'. 'One day', he wrote later, 'I shall have to fight my way out of my own reputation'.

He never did so—perhaps because he did not try hard enough, which is part of the story. After the first world war he travelled everywhere, but with most spectacular effect in Europe and America. The time was ripe for the acceptance of a new Light from the East. And the bringer of light was what he should have been: the robed figure, erect and patriarchal; the eyes dark and lustrous when they were not closed in contemplation; the aristocratic line of brow and nose in profile; the biblical hair and beard. It was a presence not easily forgotten.

For a number of reasons the poet and prophet met his most rapturous recognition in Germany. But the note of a new Western receptiveness to Oriental values had been struck in England before the Nobel Prize award, when Ezra Pound reviewed *Gitanjali* in words that have often been quoted: 'As the sense of balance came back upon Europe in the days before the Renaissance', he wrote, 'so it seems to me does this sense of a saner stillness come now to us in the midst of our clangour of mechanisms'. That is the kind of thought that might arise from the

meeting of a few choice spirits, the perusal of a small volume or a bundle of manuscripts: those first Tagore manuscripts which Yeats said he carried about with him, reading them in trains, on buses and in restaurants, and often having to put them away lest some stranger should see how deeply he was moved by them.

But how could that 'saner stillness', or whatever words we can find for it, survive and find expression in the poet's triumphal tours across Europe, the publicized receptions by kings and dictators, the crowded meetings in which (it was reported from Germany) people fell and were trampled in frenzied hero-worship? The perfected adept will answer that it can survive, that the centre of the whirlpool remains still; but Rabindranath Tagore was not that sort of yogi. He suffered, and doubted, and made mistakes and despaired, and recovered again. This much one can discover, without benefit of Bengali, from various passages in his translated essays, above all from his correspondence with his English friends and sometimes from their recollections—the missionary Charlie Andrews, for instance, and Leonard Elmhirst of Dartington Hall who worked for and with Tagore on rural education in India, and travelled with him as his secretary in the Far East and South America. Restlessness was the dark side of the new prospect that had come to him (as he recalled on his seventieth birthday) as an amazing change, a second birth.

He had in fact visited England before that important landfall in 1912, for a short time as a young student and again, even more briefly, in 1890. He had nothing especially to remember about those early visits. But he did read English literature, and he once got a glimpse of Lord Tennyson in person. Many years afterwards he remarked to a friend on that vision, and added: 'How I envied him his beard!' Most people who knew Tagore in the days of his Western fame would agree that he lived up to that bardic image, indeed surpassed it. But in England, fashion was already moving away from the bardic conception. In Germany it persisted more strongly.

Admiration, the Real and the False

Everywhere, Tagore had to reckon with the real and the false elements of admiration, and he could not be expected always to distinguish them. But he did suspect the immediacy of the response to his writings and his appearance in the West. At least once, considering his public image, he used the words 'oriental fool'. This was in Los Angeles in 1929, when he wrote to Andrews of his treatment in the press as 'this figure of an oriental mystic coming out of the railway train and also down from his cloudland of introspection, to the mundane world, dressed in a long robe and blue socks, graciously posing himself to be photographed'. The note of bitterness may be explained by the fact that a few days earlier an American immigration officer had asked the Nobel Laureate whether he could read and write. But how are we to assess the note of vanity, on which a number of people who knew Tagore have commented? Yeats himself was heard to quote darkly what he said was an ancient Indian text:

'One thing will never go out of the world, the vanity of the Saints'.

One might add that another thing that will never go out of the world is the tendency of critics to dispraise even their own discoveries after the acclaim has become general, and therefore vulgar. This, indeed, was one aspect of the recession in Tagore's reputation in the West. There were others: literary aspects which do not concern me here, and political aspects of a tortuous complexity. Of much of this, Tagore fortunately remained unaware, but he certainly lived to grieve that the torches that had lined the streets of German university towns in his honour had been turned to the burning of books. He regretted even more quickly the visit to Mussolini in 1926, which was immediately exploited by the Fascists as he had been warned it would be. He was hurt by misunderstanding, but in a large sense which to me at least seldom seems egotistical. He admitted to satisfaction in success as a human weakness. To charges of egotism in his works—and they had been made by Indian critics long before he was known in the West, he often answered that creation was the work of the life-force, and that to respond to it and acknowledge it had nothing to do with personal conceit.

In the West Tagore did not argue. For the most part he either listened or held forth, and his English friends concluded that he was not attracted by the challenge of debate. This was natural enough, for he was never sensible of a complete command of the language, and his humour was a slower thing than wit. He left no table-talk. There is not even any coherent account of what should in theory have been a momentous meeting, a June evening in the garden of King's College, Cambridge, when Tagore sat with Bertrand Russell, Lowes Dickinson, and the poetess, Frances



Rabindranath Tagore (centre) photographed during a visit to London in 1921

Cornford, and afterwards sang to them some of his own compositions in the strange Bengali mode and language. For once they were hearing the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore as it was meant to be heard; but all that has come out of it for posterity has been an argument as to whether Tagore did or did not at length pass temporarily into a state of trance.

That was during the decisive 1912 visit to England, which I want to recall once more, just because of its decisiveness. Tagore was then fifty-two, with thirty years of achievement, controversy, and success behind him in his own country. Behind that again was a family tradition of cultural leadership in Bengal, itself the cultural vanguard of India, for nearly a century—a leadership, moreover, that had met the Western intellectual and religious challenge on its own terms. If he were to be a missionary to the West, it would be in a language of cultural exchange, on a basis of belief in the unity of human values, not as a propagandist for some Asian brand of mysticism or anything else. He was always too conscious of the strength of India's claim to recognition to descend to pleading it; and it was to need the humiliation involved in British punitive actions in the Punjab to cause him to offer to the King the relinquishment of his knighthood, and to Mahatma Gandhi, after a famous conflict of ideas, a measure of political co-operation.

But none of this was thought of in 1912. With half his mature life and accomplishment behind him, what is revealing, and touching, is his uncertainty, his helplessness almost, his difficulties of adjustment, his moods of homesickness, his need for guidance and reassurance, and friendship and love. Wherever he found this he remained grateful. It was also a genuine pleasure to meet writers and artists, to discover the moods of nature and the ways of country life in England and to be admitted—as he well knew how—to the confidence of children. That might have been the sum of it, and fruitful also. The swift elevation to the status of prophet acted upon a temperament which always hovered between that of the poet and that of the teacher. Idealistic causes claimed him.

Of his countrymen who rushed to congratulate him on the Nobel Prize he wrote: 'Really these people honour the honour



A class under the trees at Shantiniketan, Bengal, the 'abode of peace'

in me and not myself'. But at that point in time the significance of the award for India was inevitable. It imposed obligations, and Tagore accepted them, and became what Gandhi called 'the great sentinel', without ever narrowing his outlook down to mere patriotism. When the strain of expressing the 'saner stillness' in the market-places of the modern world became too much for him, he pined for a different idea of the poet's place, for what he called 'the great brotherhood of the supremely useless'. But it was to activity, not retirement, that he returned between the world-travels of his celebrity, to the school and institutions that he had founded at Shantiniketan—the 'abode of peace'—

deep in the Bengal countryside. And this is what he told himself he longed for when the inner and outer pressures became too strong. It was here, during the second world war, in the perilous summer of 1940, that he accepted the Doctorate from the only Oxford Convention ever held outside England. And from here, a year later, he was carried to Calcutta for an operation in his eighty-first year. Only his ashes came back to Shantiniketan. 'When I go from hence', he had once written—and this is my first and last quotation from *Gitanjali*—

'When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable'.—*Home Service*

Work and Leisure

By RAYMOND WILLIAMS

IN all the active seasons, in the village where I grew up, the men come home from their work, have a meal, and then go out to work again on their gardens. This is traditional in the life of the village, and it is not often called leisure. But much the same thing happens today on the housing estates, in the back streets, in the suburbs. Millions of men look forward to getting home while there is still daylight, so that they can get out in the garden, or do some job on the car. And inside the house there are the jobs many of us now do: decorating and carpentry and metalwork and collecting. Or we go out again: canvassing, running a club, attending a class. All these activities involve work, though we call them ways of using our leisure.

We may do other things: go out to a pub or the cinema, listen to the wireless or watch the television, or just put our feet up and do nothing much in particular. This is really rest: a relaxation by entertainment or in company, or the quiet evening when we slowly let go of the day. Yet we still call it leisure: it is our own leisure time.

Misleading Division

We are used to dividing our days into work and leisure, but perhaps this misleads us. Leisure time, spare-time activities; these phrases are really the clue, for the real dividing line between the things we call work and the things we call leisure is that in leisure, however active we may be, we make our own choices and our own decisions; we feel for the time being that our life is our own. Whereas at work, for most of us, the effort is set and largely controlled from outside; we give ourselves up for the greater part of each day to that kind of demand from outside. Most of us know this difference and we have come to accept it. Indeed we have been carefully taught certain things to say about it. Look how terrible life would be if we only did the things we ourselves wanted! What about working for others, and our responsibilities to society?

There are many people whose lives make sense in exactly that way. They know the usefulness of their work, they can see every day how it is helping other people, and though they get tired, often desperately tired, still the pattern seems right. This is work as a vocation or a profession: the giving of effort in a known and valued skill. If one talks to teachers or doctors one often gets this attitude in an articulate way: their skill can be the meaning of a life. And not only in what is called professional work; I have heard and seen exactly the same devotion in miners and bus drivers and railwaymen. There are the needs of other people; there are the hard facts of the world, from which we must make a living or die. You can call those demands external if you like, but in another way they are central and necessary, and we have to give ourselves up to them; not grudgingly but even proudly, in that old and true sense of the dignity of labour.

But how far does this definition of work hold good, all the way through, over the whole of our society? Are not many of us now sceptical of such a phrase as 'the dignity of labour'? Not only because much necessary work is not and cannot be particularly dignified, but also in the deeper sense, that phrases like this

have plainly been used to cheat us. When people complain about cynicism in our society I do not look first at the cynicism: I look at what it is we are being cynical about. And I have noticed one pattern often: the people who say, with some moral fervour, that you must not be selfish, must not be thinking all the time about yourselves; why don't you, instead, think of others?—and this, being translated, means thinking of them. In other words: don't be selfish, do what I want. There is in fact, now, a double standard about work. Some people talk, when it suits them, about the dignity of labour, about duty and responsibility to society, but then, when they get down to details, they talk bluntly about the labour market, and let out the truth of the way they actually see other people. Beatrice Webb, eighty years ago, was shocked into political consciousness by such a common phrase as 'water and labour plentiful'. That way of seeing people, as available raw material, is the deepest evil of our kind of society. Yet it is now so built-in that people can talk of labour discipline, labour exchanges, personnel management, as if it were a natural order.

In a free society there could be no labour market. For what is this labour market, what can it be, but a place where people are bought and sold? Slaves used to stand in an actual market, but we are in law free men: it cannot be done in that naked way. Employers cannot buy outright; they can only hire on a part-time basis. This hiring is sometimes crude and open; sometimes bland and disguised. But the relationship is usually there, and we know it: except that to know it right through, to look at its full implications, is usually more than we can bear.

False Morality

Yet there is, perhaps, a kind of break through on this. People have noticed this double standard. For more and more people, the decisive question about a job is the money, and I think this is right. Not that I think the meaning of work ought to be reduced to money, but in most places, now, this is facing the facts: looking hard and straight at how our society really works. Morality is better than no morality, but false morality is worse than either for it can be used to cheat and confuse good men, good men more easily than bad. We are burdened today with a great deal of false morality, in a society which at some of its real centres is profoundly and even openly immoral. When men in essential jobs strike for more money, there is a sickening chorus, usually led by the most irresponsible and immoral newspapers, about the immorality of striking, about responsibility and duty to society. But if you talk about a labour market, if you think in the evil terms of employers of labour and hiring and firing, how can you honestly complain when men take you at your word and act as they must in a market, setting a price, bargaining, and in the last resort refusing to sell? If you do not like the noise of the haggling, and the inconvenience of the occasional refusals, you had better not cover the facts with some convenient temporary morality; if you are serious, you will challenge the system; think about work in different ways, and try to create conditions in which the best meanings of work, the real dignity of labour, will make sense.

There have been such challenges, but they are now at a low ebb. Instead of facing these challenges people seem to have accepted this substitute idea of leisure. It used to be, for most people, only work and rest; you rested so that you could work again, and there was no real margin in which you could do things of your own. Men have fought over generations to make such a margin, to go on extending it, and to get the resources to make the best use of it. They are obviously right, but still, for many, there is this split, more obvious as the margin widens; a split really between your work and your life. I do not think this can last, especially as the effects of the split on work itself become really apparent. 'At least it brings in the money' is a normal enough conclusion, until you think what happens to human hope and effort if that is all you can say. And if leisure, increasingly, is the only real aim, much of our work and investment will be in the wrong things, in terms of our real common needs.

Some people say the great problem of the coming generation is the right use of leisure. I agree that there are problems in this, and that we need much more education and many more facilities to make the best use of our new opportunities. But most people live much better already than they are given credit for. I think the great problem is the right use of work, because that is where we are now being distorted. In throwing out the usual assertion of common interest, because it never seemed to include us, we may be losing sight of that true common interest without which none of us, on this exposed and crowded island, can survive. To get this true feeling there will have to be real changes; exhortations will not do; we have heard them too often. We shall

have to get rid of a system in which work is set by a minority which then employs the rest. The common interest can be our own interest, if from day to day, and in the long term, we are genuinely deciding what has to be done and the right conditions for it.

It is easy to give up and settle for what we call leisure. But freedom, in the end, can be more than part-time. It can be what we work at and live. Freedom need not be just this margin at the end of the day, this grace after the serious meal. All important work imposes its own real disciplines: if you watch a carpenter or a sculptor, a dancer or a signaller, you realize this and admire it. But the discipline there is a condition of freedom because it comes out of the real situation. We accept it because we want the work to be right. Only when the discipline comes from outside, in what seem petty and arbitrary regulations; only when the decision about what we are to do is made, invariably, by other people, is there this sense of freedom gone. In a small enterprise it is easy to consult and get agreement if the conditions are right. In large enterprises it is obviously more difficult, but it is not impossible. It all comes back to a basic idea of what the work is for, and this in the end is an idea about people.

With the spread of automation, work is going to move steadily away from the production of things towards the service of people: that is the logic of current technology. This may be our great opportunity to re-cast our ideas, to do away with the labour market and start thinking of a working community, in which the best ideas of work and leisure can come together in practical terms.—*Home Service*

A Case of Champagne

By A. G. GUEST

WHAT'S in a name? According to the Bard, that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But this is certainly not the view taken by the hard-headed manufacturers of commercial products. To them, a trade name is a distinguishing mark of their reputation and goodwill. It will frequently have been built up over a long period of time by assiduous cultivation of the consumer market or, in a modern society, by extensive advertising. Manufacturers therefore look to the law to assist them in guarding that name against imitation and exploitation by others.

The exact measure of this assistance fell to be decided by Mr. Justice Danckwerts in the recent case of *J. Bollinger v. Costa Brava Wine Co., Ltd.*¹ An action was brought by twelve of the great champagne houses of France claiming an injunction restraining the defendants, an English company, from 'passing off' as wine produced in the Champagne district of France a Spanish sparkling wine known as *perelada*. It had been distributed in England by the defendants under the name of 'Spanish champagne' and it was to this description that the plaintiffs objected. They also contended that it amounted to unfair competition with them in the way of trade.

The law of England provides considerable protection against business men who would seek to reap where they have not sown. Under the Trade Marks Act, 1938, a device or name may, subject to certain restrictions, be registered as a trade mark. Any deceptive imitation of this mark can then be restrained by its registered owner. Original inventions and compositions are also protected by statutes dealing with patents and copyright. But even if, as in the case of champagne, there is no registered trade mark, no patent, and no copyright, the common law provides an action in tort, that is, for a civil wrong, against a person who 'passes off' his goods as those of another. The two main elements of this tort are, first, that a name or get-up has become attached in the mind of the public to the plaintiff's goods; and, secondly, that the defendant is passing off his goods as being those of the plaintiff. No intention to deceive the public need be shown; but the fact that the public has been, or is likely to be, deceived is essential.

So, in the present case, the plaintiffs had to establish that the description 'champagne' had become identified with their product and that confusion would be caused in the mind of the public between *perelada* and true champagne.

But what is champagne? The plaintiffs asserted that it was a natural sparkling wine produced in the ancient province of Champagne in France. Since 1927, this area has been strictly delimited by French law. The privileged district runs south of Rheims, past Epernay, down as far as Cramant and Avize. Outside its confines, no vineyard may call its wine 'champagne'. The climate, which is subject to considerable variations of heat and cold, and the soil, which is of a chalky, flinty nature, combine to give the wine its peculiar flavour, while the sparkle is the product of a careful process of double fermentation which imprisons within the bottle the natural carbonic gas until it is set free by the drawing of the cork. This area is, of course, not the only one which produces sparkling wine. Sparkle has an attraction of its own, even if it is only in soda-water, and sparkling wines will be found elsewhere in France and in many other countries. These wines range from good to indifferent, but, despite the predilection of the late King George V for sparkling Burgundy, none is the equal of champagne.

It was not, then, a purely fortuitous choice which led the defendants to select for *perelada* the name of 'Spanish champagne' when they launched it on the English market. But they claimed that, whatever the position might be in French law, 'champagne' had elsewhere come to mean simply a wine produced by a particular process and as such could legitimately be used by producers outside the area. If this could be substantiated, the plaintiffs' case would fall to the ground. They would not be able to prove that the geographical term 'champagne' had become identified with their product. The first element of a passing off action would therefore be absent and so their claim would fail.

There are many cases in the law reports in which the manufacturers of commercial products have successfully sued to prevent

(continued on page 930)

¹ [1960] Ch. 262; [1961] 1 W.L.R.277

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

May 17-23

Wednesday, May 17

Commons discuss Britain's relationship with the European Common Market in debate on foreign affairs

Minister of Health announces that Government intends to take steps to reduce the bill for drugs used by hospitals

President Kennedy addresses the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa

Thursday, May 18

Plans are announced to establish four new British universities

Token strikes are held in France by railwaymen and other nationalized services in support of higher pay

Delegates of the Algerian Provisional Government arrive in Switzerland for forthcoming talks with the French

Friday, May 19

President Kennedy is to meet Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna on June 3 and afterwards visit London

The British Trade Fair in Moscow is opened by Mr. Maudling, President of the Board of Trade

President de Gaulle announces new measures to deal with strikes

Saturday, May 20

Talks open at Evian, on Lake Geneva, between the French Government and the Algerian Provisional Government. The French Government orders its troops to cease operations in Algeria

The military junta which seized power in South Korea on May 16 forms a Cabinet of military officers to take over the government

Sunday, May 21

Two hundred Federal marshals are sent to Alabama following racial riots in Montgomery. The Governor of Alabama threatens to arrest them

Forty-one people are arrested after demonstrations against Polaris missiles in Holy Loch, Scotland

Monday, May 22

Martial law is proclaimed by Governor John Patterson of Alabama after more racial violence in Montgomery

Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, who is on a private visit to Madrid, is reported to have said that it is 'a shame' that Spain has been left outside international affairs so long

Sir Edmund Hillary's expedition fails to reach summit of Himalayan peak of Makalu

Tuesday, May 23

The future of Algeria is again discussed by French representatives and Algerian Nationalists meeting at Evian

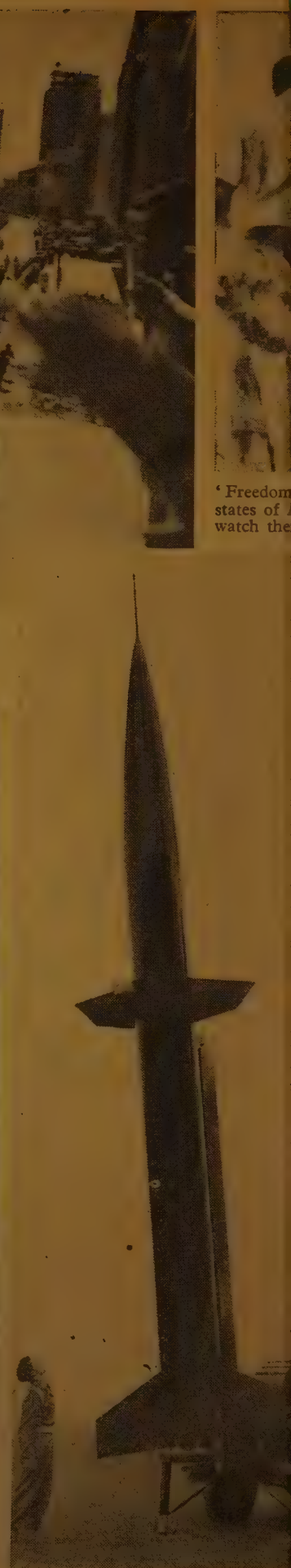
The Negro leader, the Rev. Martin Luther King, says in Alabama that passive resistance against segregation will become more marked in the next few weeks



Portuguese troops marching along the quayside after disembarking at Luanda, capital of Angola, the Portuguese colony in West Africa, last week. They were reinforcements to assist in fighting the African rebellion there which started four months ago



A scene during the consecration of the new Cathedral of the Holy Spirit, Guildford, on May 17. The Bishop of Guildford, the Right Reverend G. E. Reindorp, is reading the Exhortation. The Queen is on the right and in the foreground (back to camera) is the Archbishop of Canterbury



The new British 'Blue Water' rocket can be carried by lorry or transport to be demonstrated to the public this week

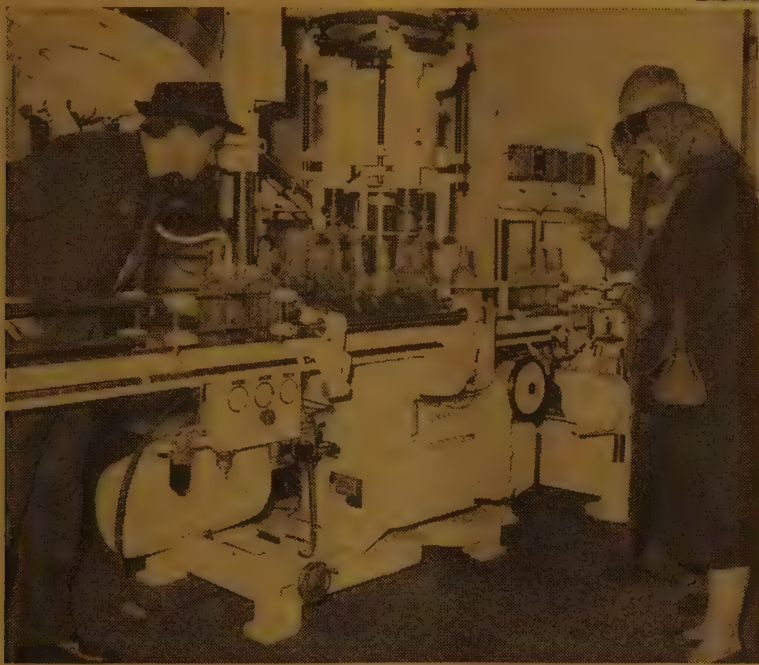
'Freedom states of watch the



newly formed group fighting against racial segregation in the southern states were demonstrating against the colour bar in the bus depots of Alabama, in Anniston last week after it had been set on fire by a crowd of whites



Korean army cadets marching through Seoul on May 18 to demonstrate their support for the military junta which took over power, under Lieutenant-General Chang Do Yun, in South Korea last week. Their uniforms are similar to those of cadets at the American West Point Military Academy



Visitors to the British Trade Fair, which opened in Moscow on May 19, inspecting in the Vickers pavilion a machine which puts caps on bottles



A garden laid out in Mediterranean style at the Chelsea Flower Show held in London last week

Left: Miss Katharine Worsley who marries the Duke of Kent, the Queen's cousin, in York Minster on June 8: a new photograph by Cecil Beaton

(continued from page 927)

the exploitation of their own, or fancy or inventive, names which have become attached to their goods. But the case of champagne was the first case in which an English judge has had to decide, fairly and squarely, whether it is a part of English law that, where a number of persons produce goods within a defined geographical area and which become known by the name of that area and as such acquire a reputation, those persons have a civil remedy against others who produce goods outside the area and attach its name to their goods. Usually such place names have quickly become generic in nature, denoting the type of product rather than its origin: for example, Wilton carpets, Irish linen, Dresden china, and Bristol glass. There is scarcely a town in England which has not, at some time or other, lent its name to some product. And only the most persevering optimist would expect a Cheddar cheese, a Dover sole, or a Bath bun to originate in the place whose name it bears.

One would therefore expect the law to be extremely cautious in admitting the right of geographical areas to assume a monopoly based on the use of their geographical name. The claims of freedom of action could be said to outweigh any damage that might be caused. Indeed, the defendants contended that such a right was unknown to the law of England, and this point of law was tried as a preliminary issue before the main action. The previous authorities were inconclusive one way or the other. Appropriately, the most relevant of them concerned that natural accompaniment to champagne—the oyster.

Whitstable Oysters

In *The Free Fishers and Dredgers of Whitstable v. Elliott*² the plaintiffs were the owners of the soil of the marine manor and royalty of Whitstable and were entitled to the exclusive right to cultivate and fish for oysters within the confines of the manor. The defendant was legally inclined, for he was the contractor to the refreshment department of the Royal Courts of Justice, where he advertised for two shillings a dozen (this, I may hasten to add, was in 1888) 'Whitstable native oysters' to be consumed in the restaurants and bars of the building. The plaintiffs claimed that they, and only they, were the producers of Whitstable native oysters. The defendant, they said, was passing off as their product 'seconds', that is to say not native oysters, but oysters born on the coast of Brittany and then transplanted to the English beds. More seriously, they complained that the oysters had been purchased from a rival fishery, whose beds were adjacent to theirs in Whitstable bay, but not within the manor of Whitstable proper. They therefore sought to restrain the defendant from offering his oysters as 'Whitstable natives'. Mr. Justice Stirling granted their request, on the ground that the oysters were not properly described as 'natives'. But he was not prepared to hold that only the plaintiffs had the right to use the description 'Whitstables', especially when the rival fishery was itself situated in Whitstable bay.

This case was followed twelve years later by *Whitstable Fishery Company v. Hayling Fisheries, Ltd.*³ where the same plaintiffs sought to prevent a neighbouring fishery from selling its oysters as 'Whitstables'. Mr. Justice Buckley decided against them on the ground that 'Whitstables' in the oyster trade had now come to

mean, not the plaintiffs' oysters, but a particular class of oyster, such as an expert in the trade would recognize by its colouring, markings, size, or description of shell, coupled with a connexion, more or less, with Whitstable. The description had become sufficiently generic to bar the plaintiffs' claim to the exclusive use of the term.

Two American Decisions

It is clear that these two cases did not go very far in assisting Mr. Justice Danckwerts to decide the geographical issue of champagne. In so far as they gave any definite indication, they tended to refute any such claim as was put forward by the plaintiffs. But the attention of the learned judge was drawn to two American decisions. In one of these, a number of flour manufacturers in the State of Minnesota succeeded in an action to restrain manufacturers in Wisconsin from using the word 'Minnesota' on bags of flour, since this description had become associated with their product⁴. And in the other, canners of tinned fruit in California were able to prevent outsiders from using on their cans labels which falsely indicated that they contained Californian fruit⁵. Mr. Justice Danckwerts therefore concluded that geographical expressions might constitute a trade description, the use of which by outsiders might be restrained by those who were genuinely within the locality. The point of law was thus settled in the plaintiffs' favour.

The second question which remained to be answered was whether in fact the description 'Spanish champagne' had caused, or was likely to cause, confusion with the wine produced in the Champagne district of France. The defendant company said that the addition of the word 'Spanish' showed that it was not a wine produced in France and that consequently it was not capable of being mistaken for champagne produced in France. Moreover, the defendants contended that the description 'champagne', as in the case of many other wines, had become generic of a certain type of wine. There are, after all, in every off-licence window, bottles of Australian burgundy, South African hock, Spanish graves, and even British sherry. Why not Spanish champagne?

But the evidence given by wine merchants and connoisseurs of wine indicated that, with a very few exceptions, champagne had not suffered the humiliation of being coupled with foreign descriptions of this sort. For example, Mr. André Simon, the celebrated *bon vivant*, admitted that names like 'chablis' and 'sauterne' had been taken, but said there was no reason why every other wine should follow suit. Indeed, it was proved that, even in Spain, *perelada* did not masquerade by the name of 'Spanish champagne', but appeared as a wine in its own right.

It was also pointed out that champagne is a festive wine, offered on occasions of celebration by people who have little knowledge of, or little disposition to inquire into, the origin of what they are about to drink. The bride's mother is much more concerned about her daughter's trousseau; and she knows that her guests will probably be too thirsty, or for some other reason unable, to question what is in their glasses—let alone to weigh up the equitable rights of rival traders.

These considerations led Mr. Justice Danckwerts to decide that there was a likelihood of confusion between the two products, and indeed that the description 'Spanish champagne' was

calculated to achieve this object. He therefore granted an injunction restraining the defendants from offering *perelada* as Spanish champagne.

This decision seems to be an eminently reasonable one. But immediately the question arises as to the extent of the principle laid down. Will the cheese-makers of Cheddar embark upon legal action against their New Zealand and Canadian competitors? Will the fishermen of Dover seek to vindicate their monopoly of soles? Will the bakers and confectioners of Bath be seen checking the description of the buns sold in the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand? I do not think so. Nevertheless, the case could give rise to some misgivings. The history of the passing off action, it has been said, is the history of attempts by manufacturers to appropriate parts of the English language. Its potentialities for growth have clearly not yet been exhausted. Ordinarily, the use of a purely descriptive term cannot be monopolized by a prior user, since everyone has the right to use words which belong to the common stock of everyday speech. There was once, for example, an attempt to appropriate the words 'nourishing stout' as peculiar to one firm of brewers. It fortunately proved unsuccessful because it was impossible to show that these words had become identified with that firm alone⁶. Similar attempts to acquire the words 'vacuum cleaner', 'shredded wheat', and 'gripe water' have also failed.

There is, then, an inherent danger in allowing manufacturers to appropriate purely descriptive terms to their own exclusive use. Under the Trade Marks Act, a purely descriptive term will be refused registration as a trade mark, for otherwise it would be open to persons to acquire as trade marks the names of such familiar products as, say, 'sausages' and 'soap'. The same risks, of course, do not attend the appropriation of a purely descriptive geographical name. But it will be remembered that the plaintiffs also asserted that the description of *perelada* as 'Spanish champagne' constituted unfair competition with them in the way of trade. This concept of unfair competition is novel in English law, although well known on the other side of the Atlantic. If it denotes rights and duties which are more extensive than those which are at present involved in the action of passing off, I think it is to be narrowly watched. The law should be slow to intervene to restrict competitive trading.

Striking a Balance

A balance has to be struck between reasonable business activity on the one hand and protection against misrepresentation on the other. It may be that our law is veering a little too far in the direction of protection. The reason is that passing off is actionable regardless whether the defendant has been fraudulent or not. He may be as innocent as the day. He may never even have heard of the rival firm. He may even simply be trading under his own name. But if his goods are likely to be confused with those of a rival who was first in the field, he will have to give way. Not long ago a case arose⁷ in which a Swiss firm by the name of 'Baume and Mercier' of Geneva began to import watches into this country. They had manufactured watches for many years, but this was their first incursion into the English market. There was, however, already in existence an English company which manufactured watches under the name of 'Baume' and this company brought a passing

² (1888) 4 T.L.R. 273. ³ (1900) 17 R.P.C. 461. ⁴ *Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co. Ltd. v. Eagle* (1898) 86 Fed. Rep. 608. ⁵ *California Fruit Canners' Association v. Myer* (1899) 104 Fed. Rep. 82. ⁶ *Raggett v. Findlater* (1873) L.R. 17 Eq. 29. ⁷ *Baume & Co., Ltd., v. A. H. Moore, Ltd.* [1958] Ch. 907

off action against the Swiss firm. They claimed that the use of the word 'Baume' as part of the name of the watches sold was likely to cause confusion and lead the public to believe that the Swiss firm's watches were manufactured by the English company. The Court of Appeal expressly found that the Swiss firm was using its

own name in good faith and with no intent to deceive. But the court none the less granted an injunction to prevent possible confusion arising.

If there is to be any extension of the concept of unfair competition, I would suggest that the real interest to be consulted is that of the consumer. Monopolies should not be created,

especially by the appropriation of purely descriptive terms, unless there is some provable detriment to the public at large. At any rate, the truly comforting feature of the *perelada* decision is that we can now be sure that the sparkle in our glass is the genuine product of France and of the vineyards of Champagne.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Kenya: the End of a Road

Sir,—Mr. John Connell (THE LISTENER, May 11) makes so emotional an appeal on behalf of the Kenya settlers that it is hard to believe he believes it all himself. It seems strange to hear the settlers, through him, reminding us that the responsibility in Kenya is that of the British Parliament when for years we have been hearing of 'Colonial Office interference'.

The fact of British responsibility has been there all the time, and since 1923 the governing terms in which that responsibility has been seen have been clear enough—that the interests of the Africans should be paramount. These were the conditions under which Mr. Connell's friends made their investment and it has to be admitted that many farms have been bought and sold several times over the last twenty years, making nice profits for the investors on each sale. The British taxpayer received none of these profits, and indeed had to provide the military protection against Mau Mau which was caused at least partly by the settlers' attitudes towards their partners in the business—African Labour. Now, apparently, the British taxpayer is being asked to compensate the settler against the losses caused by his own business miscalculations. 'Heads I win and tails you lose'. This is not only unfair to the ordinary British taxpayer but is politically unwise since, with the promise of compensation, the settlers would have no reason to be less intransigent than they have been in the past.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

H. P. Dow

The Diary of Soren Kierkegaard

Sir,—Can it be that, in addition to the numerous pseudonyms under which Soren Kierkegaard is known to have presented different interpretations of life, and to have projected some of the possibilities of his own complex personality, there is yet another representing the 'real' Kierkegaard, hidden hitherto from the wise and scholarly, but now at length revealed to the simplicity of Mr. Colin Wilson? Is it possible that three generations of Kierkegaard's interpreters have been deluded in supposing him to be worthy of a lifetime of devoted and disciplined study: that the Kierkegaard Societies which have come into existence throughout Europe and even in Japan to continue this work are merely propagating the same delusion: and that the 'greatest Christian thinker since Saint Augustine' turns out to be no more than 'another minor classic' compounded of unsuccessful lover, frustrated artist, and 'em-

bittered Christian'? Presumably, a halt will be called to these learned labours now that Mr. Wilson (THE LISTENER, May 11) has assured us that 'Kierkegaard was no philosopher' and that 'what he had to say on philosophy has been superseded by Bergson, Hulme, Shaw, William James, and Croce'.

Yet at this point a doubt insinuates itself—and not at this point only in Mr. Wilson's review of the journals! How can all these very diverse thinkers (granted that they may all be so described for our immediate purpose) have superseded Kierkegaard? One of them at least represents a recrudescence of the kind of metaphysics which most contemporary British philosophers would regard as untenable, but whose pretensions Kierkegaard exposed by a logical analysis as rigorous as any practised today. Does Mr. Wilson really believe that the preface to *Man and Superman* or the tonic talks of William James are comparable in respect of sheer intellectual power with *Philosophical Fragments* or *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*? If he still doubts that Kierkegaard is to be taken seriously as a philosopher and logician he should read Paul L. Holmer's paper on 'Kierkegaard and Logic' in *Kierkegaardiana* for 1957.

What right had Kierkegaard to preach?, asks Mr. Wilson. Kierkegaard, of course, claimed no such right for himself; he insists that he is 'without authority'. But Mr. Wilson's reason is different: Kierkegaard was too 'subtle-minded' and 'self-divided'. Are these, then, vices? Do they as a matter of course disqualify a man for the office of preacher? Does Mr. Wilson feel the same way about the sermons of John Donne, in which dialectic and devotion fuse as indissolubly as in the Discourses of Kierkegaard? Would Mr. Wilson prefer the blasphemous self-assurance with which some preachers admonish their hearers, the facile optimism of the well-integrated dispenser of popular slogans to the witness of the suffering saint or the rejected prophet? There is a kind of sympathy which 'creeps like a snail over a sorrow and defiles the sanctity of grief'. Kierkegaard offers us a different kind, unprofessional and unsentimental, but searching and healing precisely because it does not pretend that the 'sickness unto death' is only a temporary maladjustment.

• Yours, etc.,

Marsden

E. J. RAYMOND COOK

Men in Motor-cars

Sir,—It would appear when Mr. J. M. Richards (THE LISTENER, May 11) states the anti-social

nature of the private motoring habit—apart from family trips in the car at week-ends—driving about on daily business with one person in one car, and that car owners are only expressing personal conceit in the type of car they own, that he is socially antiquated in his outlook, and ignores the fact that the greater percentage of cars are owned by firms and individuals for commercial travelling, either in its literal sense, for which a car is essential, or by technical people between offices and works, to job sites, often with equipment.

Such people cannot generally use buses and other public transport, as suggested, which not only waste their time—however frequent the service—but also seldom enables either them or their equipment to be transported to the job site.

Rather than the private motorist be taken off the city road, it is the public service vehicle which requires transforming into monorail form, slung above the roadways to leave them free for cars, which we shall have with us for a very long time. What is more, a new conception of one-way streets in and out and within our cities and suburbs, must be devised to cope with the volume and at the same time go a long way to provide parking space on the road.

Mr. Richards apparently has no concern for the abolition of the motor industry, and the people it employs, the whole apparently being anti-social.—Yours, etc.,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne J. GORDON PEIRSON

Sir,—With reference to the talk by J. M. Richards on the importance of the motor-car in society, we feel we must bring to his attention the one basic fact he has omitted, that is, convenience.

Perhaps Mr. Richards doesn't realize that it is far more convenient to step out of one's front door into a car, drive to one's destination, and just step out, than it is to walk a hundred yards to a bus stop, wait fifteen minutes for a bus, be crushed like a sardine for the journey, and then have another walk at the end of it.

It appears that Mr. Richards has not also realized that once a person is driven away from public transport by its atrocious service, ill-mannered bus-conductors, exorbitant fares, it is a near impossibility to attract him back again.

A person who buys a car does so, primarily, because he wants to get from one place to another at his own convenience and not to be subjected to the dictates of the erratic bus and train schedules.

We therefore conclude that public transport and convenience can never harmonize with each other and, as convenience is the determining factor in this particular case, the chances of

public transport succeeding over the motor-car are extremely remote.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.2

A. LONG

J. MARR

What is History?

Sir,—Mr. E. H. Carr's lectures are of interest to the physical scientist for two particular reasons. First, Mr. Carr regards history and science as different branches of the same study. Apparently other historians do not share this view in so far as they believe that the pronouncement of purely moral judgments is a proper and necessary function of the historian. The discussion of whether 'history' should, or should not, pronounce on the morals of the participants in historical events must however appear sterile, or currently unprofitable, to the physical scientist, whose own subject has sometimes suffered from similar unprofitable arguments. What remains beyond doubt is that Mr. Carr's own approach to history is a scientific one, and that such an approach is both proper and fruitful.

Secondly, it is Mr. Carr's intention to help in closing the rift between the so-called 'two cultures'. In this context, the introductory paragraph to his fourth lecture (THE LISTENER, May 11) is unfortunate. He tells us there that he does not know why milk boils over when heated in a saucepan; and that he never wanted to know the answer to this question, which concerns only the natural (physical?) scientist. It is understandable that Mr. Carr has never had the time or the opportunity to inquire into the cause of the spilled milk. But the admission that he does not even care to know about this problem in another branch of his own study offers little hope for the closing of the gap between the 'two cultures'.

One might have suspected a confusion of thought in a mind less acute than Mr. Carr's, namely, a confusion between the triviality of the fact—whether the spilled milk or the shape of Cleopatra's nose—and the fundamentality of its causes. I believe, however, that in this paragraph Mr. Carr has unwisely indulged his evident pleasure in 'ornamental' writing. Thus, he concedes later with evident sorrow that what historians mean by the ornamental phrase 'the inevitability' of historical events might more wisely be described by the pedantic term 'high probability'. (Of course, he is then confusing precision with pedantry.) I hope that Mr. Carr can be persuaded to delete or modify his remarks about the heated milk in the saucepan when he publishes his lectures in book form—a historical event to which I look forward with pleasure.—Yours, etc.,

Prestbury

D. CLIBBENS

War and Photography

Sir,—Mr. Beloff in his review entitled 'American Retrospect' (THE LISTENER, May 18) says that the Civil War was the first major war to have been fought after the invention of photography.

Perhaps he has never heard of the wonderful series of photographs taken by Roger Fenton during the Crimean War (1854–56). In the Indian Mutiny too—a conflagration which covered half the sub-continent in 1857–58—F. Beato took some photographs of high quality.

Incidentally, in both these wars the telegraph played a part while stretches of railway

line were also in use—at Balaklava and from Calcutta to Ranigang (120 miles).

Yours, etc.

Newport, Essex

J. P. J. ENTRACT

Mr. Auerbach's Painting

Sir,—Pirouetting in ever-widening circles around Frank Auerbach, Mr. Spender thinks it extraordinary that work done by Kandinsky in 1911 has not yet got through to some writers in 1961. I can't say I do, bearing in mind the time lag in appreciation of late Turner, Cézanne, etc., and the long innings figurative painting has had. Mr. Spender's own autobiography (1951) has two references to Klee, but none to Kandinsky or even Ben Nicholson.

He mentions Pound, Lewis, Murry and D. H. Lawrence. Perhaps they were too shrill and/or aggressive to hasten the reception of artists they supported. Pound's *Memoir* carries an offensively Fascist epigraph from Machiavelli and quotes Gaudier-Brzeskas notion that war 'takes away from the masses numbers on numbers of unimportant units'.

Present-day poets and playwrights work under conditions in which visual art is much more a part of everyday life. The issue of THE LISTENER containing Mr. Spender's letter also contains Quentin Bell's well-informed analysis of Sidney Nolan, who designs the jackets of C. P. Snow's novels. Between the extremes of John Betjeman and Tony Hancock's script writers there is an expressionist sensibility shared by, say, Ted Hughes and John Arden with many painters; there is an astringent realism as well. And novelists influenced by Lawrence and Joyce Cary inherit their visual habits to some extent.

All this suggests a lively interaction, with writers receptive to the arts, not indifferent.—

Yours, etc.,

London, W.14

LAURENCE KITCHIN

The Royal Academy

Sir,—I am corrected by Mr. Brooke's statement (THE LISTENER, May 18) that membership of the Royal Academy carries no material benefit, and apologize for using a figure of speech which contained an inaccurate implication. The phrase 'an Academic pension' was intended primarily to convey that the artists mentioned were rejecting those emoluments of accrued authority which the Royal Academy has gathered to itself since its inception, but, having grown up with the wrong idea that there was also a factual pension, I misguidedly attached the one meaning to the other.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

KEITH SUTTON

Unforeseeable Consequences

Sir,—Mr. A. L. Goodhart's talk, 'Liability for Unforeseeable Consequences' (THE LISTENER, April 6), was read with interest.

A very minor criticism might be made relative to the last hypothetical example given in his talk, that of two passengers about to board an omnibus, with one of them carrying an explosive. The example is too accurate to have been accidental and it is thought that the author should have told his readers that this is the leading case of *Palsgraf v. Long Island R. Co.*, 1928, 248 N.Y. 339, 162 N.E. 99, 59 A.L.R. 1253.

The decision in that case was written by our

great Judge, Benjamin Cardozo, before he ascended the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. As Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, he wrote in this case:

The range of reasonable apprehension is at times a question for the court, and at times, if varying inferences are possible, a question for the jury. Here, by concession, there was nothing in the situation to suggest to the most cautious mind that the parcel wrapped in newspapers would spread wreckage through the station. If the guard had thrown it down knowingly and wilfully, he would not have threatened the plaintiff's security, so far as appearances could warn him. His conduct would not have involved, even then, an unreasonable probability of invasion of her bodily security. Liability can be no greater where the act is inadvertent.

Negligence, like risk, is thus a term of relation. Negligence in the abstract, apart from things related, is surely not a tort, if indeed it is understandable at all. Citing Bowen, L. J. in *Thomas v. Quartermaine*, 18 Q.B.D. 685, at 694.

Yours, etc.,

Seattle, U.S.A.

GEORGE H. BOVINGDON

Dickens's Letters

Sir,—In 1962, the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Charles Dickens's birth, will be published the first volume of the Pilgrim edition of his letters. This is intended to be the definitive edition, printing some 11,000 letters, with full annotation, in ten volumes, which will be published during the ensuing eight or nine years.

Before sending Volume I to the printers, the editors are making a final appeal in many countries, inviting librarians and owners of private collections to send them particulars of any autograph manuscripts of Dickens letters in their possession. Anyone who can help in this way, and who has not already done so, is asked to write to the undersigned. Full acknowledgment will be given, in the published volumes, for any such kindness.—Yours, etc.,

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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

MR. S. P. CHAMBERS ON TAXATION PROPOSALS

The 34th Annual General Meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on May 18 in London.

Mr. S. P. Chambers, C.B., C.I.E., the chairman, presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

I feel that the Press reports of what we are doing and propose to do at Rotterdam may inadvertently have led to some misunderstanding about the timetable of these developments. After a most thorough examination, we decided that it would be a good, long-term policy to establish ourselves as substantial manufacturers of chemicals within the European Economic Community. Holland is well placed both for manufacturing facilities, including raw materials, and for access to markets. We have therefore taken an option on a lease from the Port Authorities of Rotterdam with the intention of developing this site as opportunity offers in the years to come.

We have come to this conclusion that manufacture on this site is likely to prove sound and profitable whether Britain becomes more closely associated with the European Economic Community or not.

Nearly £40 million of capital expenditure was sanctioned during 1960; already in 1961, we have approved the expenditure of a further £45 million. This is some indication of the large developments which are now in hand although it will be some time before the expenditure on these new projects will be completed.

In the first half of 1960 our sales were particularly buoyant. So far sales in 1961 are about equal in volume to those in the corresponding period of 1960 but profit margins are likely to be kept down by competition both at home and overseas. Taking everything into account there is no evidence which would justify any modification of the statement made by the Directors when announcing the new capital issue in January of this year that we would hope to maintain on the increased capital the same total rate of dividend as is proposed for the year 1960.

The new capital issue of one share for every £20 of ordinary stock held was a most successful operation and the Company's capital and reserves have been increased as a consequence by a sum of £34 million.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without some reference to the taxation proposals in the Budget which the Chancellor introduced last month. The reliefs from surtax in respect of earned income have been long overdue and the starting point for surtax of £2,000 which had remained unchanged for 41 years, notwithstanding the fall in the value of money, was perhaps the greatest anomaly of our taxation system. The Chancellor's action in raising the effective starting point for surtax on earned income to £5,000 is bold and imaginative.

I am less happy about other proposals in this Budget. Profits tax which is payable in addition to income tax and is not allowed as a deduction in arriving at the profits to be charged to income tax falls entirely upon the profits belonging to ordinary stockholders and some of us have been campaigning for years for the abolition of this tax on enterprise.

Another bad feature of this year's Budget is the tax on fuel oil. This tax, coming after Ministerial statements that they would let consumers, and particularly industrial consumers, have an unfettered choice of fuels and would not seek to protect the coal industry by taxing oil, has come as a surprise and a deep disappointment. Less than 10% of this tax will fall upon private consumers and most of the rest will fall upon private industry or the cost of generating power.

At a time when British industry is being urged to reduce costs, this direct addition to costs will be a serious blow to the competitive power of substantial sections of British industry, both in its export trade and in the home market where the competitive power of British industry against foreign imports is just as important as exports. Ministerial statements about the need for exports and reducing costs sound rather sincere when the Government's own deliberate action adds substantially to manufacturing costs. To argue that there are one or two other countries which have imposed a tax of this kind is no answer in this country where the balance of payments position is critical and action putting up competitive costs seems rather irresponsible.

In spite of these tax changes, some of which will have an adverse effect upon costs and competitiveness in export markets, I believe that the Company's strength and technical developments at the present time are such that we can hold our own and make substantial further progress both at home and overseas in the rest of 1961 and in the years to come.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The Art of Ernst Barlach

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

NOTHING IS MORE DIFFICULT than to appreciate an unfamiliar foreign artist famous in his own country, and on top of that an artist who belongs to the generation which is no longer ours but not yet history. That is the case of Barlach, as far as people in Britain are concerned: and it is specially difficult for me to speak about him, because I am in the opposite position. I have grown up with him, and I have a drawing by him which my father-in-law bought as long ago as the nineteen-twenties.

What is it that Barlach needs by way of an introduction? In one way he is only too easy. He is in the line of descent of Van Gogh—that is



'The Miser': charcoal drawing (c. 1928)

the first thing: of course, being a sculptor, of Van Gogh as a painter of the human character, not of landscape. Barlach's subject is exclusively man. 'What man has suffered', he wrote in a letter, 'what he can suffer, his greatness, his actions, including myths and dreams of the future—that is what I am committed to'.

Barlach found his style late, on a journey in Russia in 1906, that is when he was thirty-six years old. Here he saw men and women still bound to the earth and accepting what came to them in a sombre, inarticulate passivity which to Barlach means real heroism. So after 1906 he saw no reason for changing his style materially until he died in 1938. He modelled, carved, and drew, single figures in simple gestures expressing with great intensity single circumscribed emotional conditions. His figures can be at rest or in violent action—but always action arrested. They

can be a chorister or a man reading, or they can be 'The Avenger' and 'Frenzy'. Every time he is concerned with a compact, closed form, commemorating man undergoing an experience, man caught in an imposed spiritual state. Barlach's are tragic figures mostly, but always noble figures. 'Man', he once wrote, 'is the impoverished sideline of a good family fallen on evil days. All my sculpture, since I was in Russia, speaks of this higher descent'.

Barlach's materials are bronze and wood—and of course the pencil. His drawings are emphatically sculptor's drawings, and the way in which he runs his lines in close parallels round the rotundity of a thigh or an arm will remind many of Henry Moore's shelter drawings. This technique, if the dating in the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery is correct, he seems to have found already about 1900, a surprisingly early date for the slender, perfectly spiritualized drawing of 'Aurora'.

But wood is Barlach's favourite material. For his rotundities are never smooth, never primarily geometry in Cézanne's sense of the cylinder and the cone. So the marks of the knife in oak or lime-tree stand as evidence of effort and strain. In this technique he was directly indebted to the past. He wrote in a letter: 'I confess I am the pupil of unknown masters, such as the Christ Crucified, South German, thirteenth century, at the National Museum, Nuremberg,



'Frenzy': bronze (1910): all from the exhibition of the work of Ernst Barlach at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1



'The Avenger': bronze (1914)

or another Christ on the Cross, by a Tyrolean master at Innichen, Southern Tyrol, apparently carved with a blunt chopper in order to achieve a certain grotesqueness'. He ended by saying 'Our unknown masters, if they worked today could not get commissions and earn their daily bread'.

'Today', when he wrote this, meant Germany under the Nazis. Barlach's art was at once decried as 'racially un-German', as 'Russian only too Russian'. His public monuments in the churches of Kiel and Güstrow were destroyed. He was officially debarred from exhibiting. He defended himself in religiously strangely baffled letters, but he died before the nightmare was over.

The Arts Council deserves praise for the exhibition. They must have realized that they were choosing a moment for it which could not be less promising. At the moment English critics, collectors, exhibition-goers, almost unanimously believe in infuriated abstraction. Barlach saw the very beginnings of this trend in the art of Kandinsky, and in a memorable letter as early as 1911 said: 'It may be barbaric, and being barbaric I am ready to believe an honest man if he tells me that by looking at dots, blot lines, he undergoes deep emotion of the soul—but I can only believe him, and then goodbye! We can go on talking to one another for a thousand years without mutual understanding'.

If, for reasons of the violent but imprecise impacts of the abstract artists of today, those who care for art in this country have lost their appreciation of Van Gogh's 'Potato Eaters' and consequently are unable to appreciate Barlach's 'Beggars'—in that case I can only say goodbye.

—'Comment' (Third Programme)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Joseph Ashby of Tysoe, 1859-1919
By M. K. Ashby. Cambridge. 25s.

Reviewed by W. G. HOSKINS

IT IS A POPULAR delusion among non-historians that the farther back one goes in time the darker becomes the scene, the more squalid the lives of the common people. This is not so. For the majority of English men and certainly for country people, the nineteenth century was the Dark Ages. It is doubtful whether Anglo-Saxon slaves were treated as contemptuously and brutally as the labouring class in the English countryside only three or four generations ago.

Miss Ashby, in this moving book about her father's life, relates that in his native village of Tysoe, in the Warwickshire plain beneath Edge Hill, the churchwardens and overseers, at their Easter meeting in the year 1818:

unanimously agreed that all men and boys who are out of employ shall walk from the Coal Barn as far as the Red Lion Inn in Middle Tysoe, or stand in the gateway near the Barn the full space of ten hours on each day from the above date till Michaelmas next, and also it is agreed that if any person enter any house during the ten hours he or she shall receive no pay from the Parish.

The purpose of this intolerable resolution is not entirely clear, but that it was a deliberate degradation of decent men and women is clear enough. In the same year the overseers of Tysoe sent a wagon-load of children to a cotton factory near Warwick.

This sort of England has passed away for ever. We have indeed a greedy plutocracy instead, to whose desires everything in our economy is either moulded or sacrificed. But we have got rid of that thick-skinned aristocracy whose ruthless insensitivity did more than anything else to bring about the English Revolution of our own time.

It was into this crushed and despised class, the remains of a former peasantry, that Joseph Ashby was born, the illegitimate son of a cottage girl, in 1859. Such a start was as low as anything could be in that sort of England, and Joseph Ashby might well have sunk without a trace. But his fine face, as we see it in the frontispiece of his daughter's book, shows no trace of servility or boorish ignorance. He educated himself by wide reading, became the champion of the depressed rural class in the Midlands, rose to be a substantial farmer and a justice of the peace. And he produced sons of whom any man might be proud.

The high-born man who was his father seems to have contributed nothing except intelligence and energy, for Joseph Ashby was brought up largely on the eightpence a week allowed by the parish for each member of the family, and he went to work as a shepherd boy at the age of ten. The Big House of Victorian England has been overpraised as a centre of culture and leadership. Writing entirely without bitterness, but from a deep knowledge of the Midland countryside and its records, Miss Ashby says: 'The great house seems to me to have kept its

best things to itself, giving, with rare exceptions, neither grace nor leadership to villages, but indeed depressing their manhood and culture'. This is well said. We are sentimental about the great country-houses, just as John Aubrey was about the monasteries when they had been swept away. We remember their good side, and forget the mountain of injustice and sweated labour on which they so grandly stood.

Miss Ashby's book is a true picture of English village life in the second half of the nineteenth century, well written and authentic in every line. Her learning is concealed, but it is there. Her father in his boyhood knew men who could talk of the happier days 'before the hedges were made' (that is, the parliamentary enclosure at the end of the previous century) and of the degradation that followed for the mass of the village population. Two generations later, in the eighteen-sixties and seventies, the ablest men were leaving their native village to start a new life in the Empire that still had a use for good men. Miss Ashby shows, too, what really happened behind the statistics of the blue-books. Emigrants had to take their own food for the voyage, and village neighbours brought along what they could ill afford for the man who was going—a cheese, a ham, even a frying-pan. Cottages were denuded of their few comforts to give the emigrant blankets, sheets, towels or knives. From Tysoe, as from thousands of English villages, many of the ablest and most spirited families went over the sea. Maybe, says Miss Ashby, Tysoe has never recovered. Nor have hundreds of other villages.

Miss Ashby's book is not just a life of her father but a moving piece of social history. Since most historians are incurably urban-minded, any book like this is bound to rouse suspicions and even sneers about an old English peasantry. But there was once such a thing, and it was crushed out of existence during the nineteenth century. In this book we see the crushing process at work, or the latter end of it at any rate. Joseph Ashby was one of the rare men who rose above his miserable inheritance and became the spokesman of a class: but for every one like him a hundred others lived wasted lives, their talents never allowed to germinate. Thank God that England has gone for good. Reading this life of Joseph Ashby, one can see why.

The Swinburne Letters. Vols. 3 and 4:
1875-1882. Edited by Cecil Y. Lang.

Oxford for Yale University Press. £4 4s.

By the autumn of 1879 Swinburne, only a little over forty, was installed with Watts-Dunton at The Pines, much to the gratification of the poet's mother. Thankful for Watts-Dunton's protectiveness, the lady gently conspired with him to try to keep the poet within bounds. In 1881 both were already disturbed by his doting on infants, and the general 'necessity for care not to over do'. 'What you say about his spoiling his writing by "not knowing when to stop" is so very true', she wrote. 'I constantly deplore it!'

That was all very well, but it was a necessity

of Swinburne's nature as man and poet to 'over do', and these two volumes, though less excited than the first two, are full of instances of extreme expressions of feeling. Violent antipathies are provoked by Buchanan, by Furnivall, by *L'Assommoir* ('that brute beast E. Zola's damnable dunghill of a book'). Adoration, veneration, devotion are given to Hugo, Landor, and Lamb. Burns is judged to be 'beyond all comparison' a greater poet than Byron. A sonnet by Gosse is said to be one of the noblest in any language. And guess what was 'the greatest glory that has befallen England since the publication of Shelley's greatest poem, whichever that may be'? Why, Captain Webb swimming the Channel.

Swinburne's cheers, jeers, and shadow-boxing are sometimes tedious or absurd, but the splendid amassing of detail in these letters defines more and more the character of this extraordinary man and his vigorous critical instincts and passion for the best in literature. Mr. Lang is so conscientious and enterprising an editor that it seems odd of him to write off 'Mrs. Duncan Stuart' as 'unidentified'. She is quite evidently Mrs. Duncan Stewart (née Gore), that charming, worldly wise and witty old gossip who had in her time known, as they used to say, everybody, and who is on record as having quoted lines from Swinburne in conversation.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Mr. Secretary Peel

By Norman Gash. Longmans. £3 10s.

It is strange at first sight that Sir Robert Peel has for so long lacked a modern biography. His papers are voluminous and revealing, and many of them have been edited and published. His achievements are so well recognized that several general interpretations of nineteenth-century British history pivot on decisions he made. Perhaps there are three main reasons for the neglect. First, his personality has appealed to historians no more than it appealed to many of his contemporaries: they have respected the man and admired his work without feeling any deep affection for him. Second, the sheer amount of hard labour needed to explore and to explain the Peel papers has intimidated most historians: they have preferred the more agreeable exercise of writing essays about Peel to the prodigious task of interpreting the detail of his life. Third, although Peel has always been considered a major political figure, it is only recently that the industrial revolution, which created both Peel and the problems he encountered, has slipped into historical focus. For long Peel suffered from the inability of late nineteenth-century Liberals (and twentieth-century examiners) to ask the right questions about him. Moreover, most Conservatives have preferred Disraeli, at least in retrospect, and most Radicals have continued to look back to the hallowed memory of Cobden and Bright. It is only after historians have come to realize the uniqueness of the manner and the consequences of British social adjustment to the pressures of industrialization that interest in Peel has soared.

Professor Gash's massive, scholarly and well-documented life of Peel deals only with Peel before 1830, that is to say before the full measure of his greatness had become apparent. Given its scale, it is pre-eminently a work for professional historians, and Professor Gash rigorously, perhaps too rigorously, resists the temptation to look round the corner to see what happened after 1830. We leave Peel out of office and out of sympathy with the political moves of his time.

There are few surprises in Professor Gash's book. Peel's character and abilities have been well described by many writers. So have his weaknesses. We are offered a number of interesting glimpses, however, of Peel as a 'coming man', endowed with an enviable combination of good looks, good clothes, great riches and great talents. As he gained in experience and authority, he never had to struggle nor did he have to court the patronage of others. Yet he never found personal dealings easy. There was a 'discordancy', Professor Gash suggests, between the inner person and the person Peel presented to the world. 'He had created, perhaps had always had to create, an artificial self with which to deal with others'. He was independent, proud and obstinate, and his dominating sense of duty, about which so much has been written, sometimes seemed, even to himself, an inadequate substitute for other qualities. 'I feel a want of many essential qualifications', he wrote to Goulburn in 1830, 'which are requisite in party leaders, among the rest personal gratification in the game of politics and patience to listen to the sentiments of individuals whom it is equally imprudent to neglect and an intolerable bore to consult'. His touchiness was reinforced by the feeling that his critics never fully appreciated the dogged sense of duty which kept him in politics when he might have been enjoying family life.

On the politics of the period Professor Gash is always well-informed and sometimes provocative. Not the least value of his book is that it covers a period on which far more work needs to be done. Far less has been written about the eighteen-twenties, for example, than about the eighteen-forties, and another of the great political personalities of the period, Canning, needs an equally massive and well-documented life. Although the temperaments and careers of Peel and Canning present so many striking contrasts, Professor Gash shows that relations between them were not quite as Mrs. Arbuthnot described them. He also shows how for a time in 1828 Peel was the principal link between the Canningites and the rest of the cabinet. There are some good pages also on Peel's relations with Wellington, and a number of interesting and well-planned chapters on Ireland, a country which did much to mould Peel's views concerning 'agitation' and 'order'. The only part of Peel's early life which is treated somewhat sketchily is his work as chairman of the currency committee of 1819. It was not so much Peel's own opinions which were interesting in 1819 as other people's opinions about him. Many people were to see 1819, 1829, and 1846 as stages in the same sad (or proud) sequence.

Professor Gash is provocative when he takes the 'conservative' case for granted. Were the industrial disturbances of 1819 merely 'civil commotions' of a traditional kind? Had not Anglesey as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland good reason for complaining that he did not know what Wellington's policy really was? Did not

Huskisson come out better from the East Retford affair than the government? Was Peel's conservatism quite as prescient as Professor Gash claims? There is little evidence from this detailed study, except in the somewhat exceptional case of law reform, that Peel possessed gifts which would enable him to reconcile new industrial elements with an older framework of government. As in parts of *Politics in the Age of Peel*, we seem called upon in this volume to prefer conservative to whig judgment in relation to most of the crucial political issues.

ASA BRIGGS

Lanterns and Lances. By James Thurber.

Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

Mr. Thurber's new collection will not disappoint his admirers, and will do as well as any of his books to introduce him to those (can there be any?) who don't know him. Civilized, never facetious, his wayward charm seems at times more English than American, yet his worried pragmatism, the pleasure he gets from life, link him with Twain. He is not just the best living American humorist; he is also—one sometimes sadly concludes—the last American humanist, the voice of an older and wiser age raised in protest against automation and jargon: the other day, his radio said 'Wall Street stocks firmed all along the line', and he records the outrage with sorrow but without surprise. In a noble and touching preface he remarks that 'every time is a time for comedy in a world that would languish without it' and that he has 'been heartened to observe that light as a symbol of the courageous heart and the upward mind appears more and more often in the titles and in the contents of books in all fields'.

We encounter here some old favourites. Children continue to amaze and fauna to confuse him—especially some senegalese birds and siamese cats. He again writes better about his beloved Henry James than most academic critics do. Words and fantasy get mixed up: a woman once said to him in a dream: 'we can sleep twenty people in this house in a pinch but we can only eat twelve'; and when a noise woke him up and his wife said it was a bat he sighed with relief. 'Thank God for that, I thought it was a human being'. As he says elsewhere, the trouble with man is not animals but man.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Refugee World. By Robert Kee. Oxford. 15s.

Robert Kee is known to television viewers as a shrewd exposé of pretence and fraud. In this book, more obliquely, he exposes a subtler evil, the complacency that is liable to beset any official and large-scale charity. He has all the respect in the world for the professional philanthropists who have disposed of the vast sums we have subscribed to the World Refugee Year, and not for a moment would he accuse them of dereliction of duty. But there is a great gulf fixed between even the most compassionate bureaucracy and the human misery it seeks to relieve, and Mr. Kee's book is an attempt to bring this home to us. He made a tour of the refugee camps of Germany and Austria and now describes them in terms of human instances. What it all means is that a subscription to our favourite charity is not enough.

'Displaced persons' represent the worst blot on twentieth-century civilization. Genocide has

occurred once in this generation, and is universally condemned, but we have become inured to the permanent homelessness of millions of our fellow beings. Since we make a minimum provision for their physical survival, we tend to forget all about their human predicament. There is a monstrous gap in our collective sensibility and Mr. Kee, in gently satirizing the officials, is really challenging us.

The World Refugee Year, though so successful financially, has altogether failed to clear the refugee camps of Europe. The task, in fact, was well-nigh impossible, but Mr. Kee makes two practical suggestions leading towards its fulfilment. He wants all immigration criteria waived for those refugees who genuinely want to start a new life in a new country, and for those who wish to remain in their countries of asylum he suggests an immediate housing plan.

There are, of course, serious political and social objections to both his suggestions, but he puts them forward as a means of wiping out scandal that takes the edge off our horror at the events recorded at the Eichmann trial. He advocates a campaign that would be, as he says, 'the most marvellous in the history of man'.

DOUGLAS BROWN

Britain Revisited. By Tom Harrisson.

Gollancz. 25s.

When one looks back to the late thirties, just before the war, one can remember the excitement caused by Mass-Observation. Tom Harrisson, Charles Madge and their team set out to bridge 'the dangerous gap . . . between the ordinary and rather non-vocal masses of Britain' and the 'highly specialized set of organs and organizations supposedly speaking for all through Parliament, Press, radio etc'. Nowadays we never stop surveying ourselves, what with market research, public opinion polls, Bethnal Green and the rest of it, but in those days it was something new. They used various methods of inquiry that are now common to all such investigations: statistical summaries of the number of people who own motor-cars, a vote in local and national elections, questions put to clergymen about their congregations.

But one method will always be associated with their work and that is 'observation' in the most precise sense: on July 15, 1960, '4 men were playing darts when obs. came in. Lots of conversation about the game. These men exchange remarks with most of the other non-playing people in the bar—13 men altogether, 5 of the under 25, 11 of these, including the darts players were standing up, though there was plenty of room for them to sit down if they wanted to', and so on. This bird-watching technique—and Tom Harrisson, himself a bird watcher in boyhood, notes the value of a trained recording eye—has its limitations. How much interest can one really see? Hearing is more significant, and it is with Mass-Observation that we associate those revealing reports of casual conversation which nowadays enliven our field studies.

All this started over twenty years ago; and in 1960 Harrisson dragged himself away from his 'civilized Dyaks of Borneo' to revisit the scene of his early endeavours: Bolton (Worktown), Blackpool and the cow's head at Westhaughton. Many of the original team, now famous figures, went with him. A note of nostalgia is struck but they soon got down to serious business.

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What, in this revisited Britain, had changed? It must be admitted that there are no very startling revelations. We cannot be surprised to learn that fewer people (with the exception of Roman Catholics) go to church, that more people take their holidays abroad, or that shawls, clogs and bowlers are out and television in. Perhaps the only unexpected piece of information concerns cigarette tapping, which was one of the 'most persistent pieces of smoking behaviour in the thirties', while today 'in a week's trial look-out about Worktown not one under twenty was recorded doing so'. However, in spite of the changes in its paraphernalia life goes on in much the same old way, at any rate 'in everyday gesture, pub behaviour, love life, kids' games, religious seasons'. It would, indeed, be surprising if it didn't.

One of the great charms of Mass-Observation reports is their readability, and this is no exception. It has the authentic ring about it and in addition to the usual stuff we are given a nice piece by Bill Naughton on his week-end in Bolton, where he was born and where he joined the original Mass-Observation team.

W. J. H. SPROTT

George Gissing and H. G. Wells. Edited by Royal A. Gettmann. Hart-Davis. 25s.

This collection of letters is sub-titled 'Their Friendship and Correspondence', but 'Materials towards a Life of Gissing' might have been more accurate. That is not Mr. Gettmann's fault: his source is the Wells Archives of the University of Illinois, and naturally these consist rather of letters to Wells than from him. And he has done his sensible best to restore the balance by including letters of Wells to other correspondents upon the subject of Gissing, and, in appendices, Wells's critical notices of the other novelist's work.

Gissing's is a text-book example of the hidden will to fail. Apart from wealth and birth, he was born to every advantage of body and mind; but a depressive temperament and the wrong sort of integrity (both artistic and otherwise) spoiled all. His wrong-headed determination to become the English Balzac consumed two million words and the best years of his phthisic life. Sensitive and interesting as the best passages in such novels as *New Grub Street* or *The Whirlpool* are, the books fail as wholes, and it is only towards the end, in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* and *By the Ionian Sea*, that he approaches his proper métier.

Wells, nine years younger, was, as we all know, quite another case. He could not have organized his talents to better artistic (or pecuniary) advantage. In fact

When Wells
Joined the swells,
Gissing
Was missing:

and it says much for both that these different temperaments and fortunes should have struck up a firm and loyal friendship and maintained it for the last eight years of Gissing's life.

Unfortunately, the literary records of that alliance are of no great intrinsic interest. Gissing was a dull correspondent. Apart from a few passages in defence of his own writings, he has nothing much to say about anything; and in emotional contexts he tends to deviate into a non-language of heavy archness—as thus, during a serious illness of Wells:

You send right good news; now steady onwards, and bate no jot of hope!

Wells's contributions, much the less frequent, provide the occasional striking moment:

[When I visit you in Rome,] I'm not going to be made to go and see places I shouldn't go to see if I lived in Rome. The Jesu may go crucify itself and all such (if you will pardon me) bloody places.

But even they are much rarer than one would expect: poor Gissing, he neither indulged in irresponsibilities nor invited them.

HILARY CORKE

Two Early Political Associations

By N. C. Hunt. Oxford. 30s.

The theme of this book is Sir Robert Walpole's handling of the applications made to him in the seventeen-thirties by the Dissenters and the Quakers for relief from their legal disabilities. These applications placed him in a difficult position. As a contemporary put it, if he complied with them he would lose the churchmen; if he did not, he would lose the non-conformists. In these circumstances, his policy was to play for time, which he did with success till 1736, when the Dissenters, against his advice, insisted on introducing a relief bill in the House of Commons, where it was defeated, Walpole speaking against it. Having thus done his bit for the church, he felt able to withdraw his objections to a Quakers' bill, which was passed by the House of Commons, only to be lost in the Lords.

From a factual point of view, Mr. Hunt has made a useful contribution to our knowledge of these transactions. But it is unfortunate that he appears to have missed the Egmont Diary, which contains much background information. And in general he is too much inclined to know better than his authorities.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

The Ascent of Life. By T. A. Goudge.

Allen and Unwin. 30s.

When an author who is not a professional biologist writes on evolution, he gives hostages to fortune for two reasons. First, he is dependent on what he has read, by the advice of his friends or by chance. Secondly, he is deprived of the experience of research in a laboratory which endows scientists with an additional sense, for much of their comprehension is in the fingers of their hands. At the same time, when a philosopher turns to scientific problems, he performs a valuable service to scientists, for their writings are partly responsible if the philosopher gets things wrong. For all these reasons, a philosopher-author and his scientist-readers are fortunate when the book is as valuable as *The Ascent of Life* by Dr. T. A. Goudge, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Toronto. He knows that the units that undergo evolution are not individuals, nor pairs, but populations in which heritable variations due to mutations constitute a gene-pool on which natural selection acts. He realizes that while genes are discrete particles, selection acting on a gene-complex can produce gradual change. He sees that there is no evidence to support theories of evolution based on Lamarckism or assumed innate tendencies to vary along continuous lines such as 'orthogenesis'. He appreciates that adaptation need not be perfect, that minimal adaptation does not inevitably destroy the chances of survival of every organism that

exhibits it, and that the statement that the fit are those that survive is not tautological.

There are however some cases where familiarity with the library has not compensated for lack of experience in the laboratory; some of the author's conclusions are at variance with the results of experimental researches that he appears to have missed. For instance, the statements that the Darwinian explanation of the origin of adaptations 'is not based on any experimental work' and 'cannot be checked by reference to exact observations, demonstrating how natural selection functions in nature', and that such demonstration 'yields only probable knowledge', are directly contradicted on every point by the experiments of H. B. D. Kettlewell. He was able to show conclusively in moths that adaptations result from the selection of mutant genes in nature, to identify the selective agents, and to calculate the expectation of life of different types in different environments. The origin of adaptations is evolution in progress, and in these cases of evolution that have taken place under observation during the past hundred years, he was also able to measure its speed.

Polymorphism is a subject of great importance, not only because of its bearing on future research but of its practical application, for the different blood-groups in man are found to vary in their correlation with certain diseases. But the author's definition that 'a species is polymorphic when in the same region there are several different types breeding together, their differences being genetically determined', is incorrect. It misses the essential condition, stressed by E. B. Ford, that the different types are maintained in relative proportions by selection, not by mutation. With regard to the relative importance of mutation and selection in determining the speed and direction of evolution, no mention is made of the fundamental demonstration by Sir Ronald Fisher that at the rates at which mutation occurs, selection is so much more powerful that a mutation cannot spread in a population against the faintest adverse selection. As most genes are subject to adverse selection when they first mutate, any theory that tries to endow mutations with a directional effect to explain evolution breaks down at the start. The supposed effects of use and disuse, fulfilment of needs, adaptation to environment, inherited 'memory' or 'inner urges', involve a cause 'which demonstrably would not work even if it were known to exist'. Natural selection is the only mechanism that avoids this obstacle because it is opportunistic.

Finally, there is a point relating to the definition of selection. The author tries to make a distinction between 'Darwinian' selection for survival and 'differential reproduction' which he regards as 'non-Darwinian'. But Darwin never forgot that a high rate of production is the effective element in selection, both natural and sexual, and he expressed this quite clearly in the *Origin of Species* (World's Classics edition page 88): 'the best adapted individuals . . . will tend to propagate their kind in larger numbers than the less well adapted'. All selection is 'Darwinian'. It is now known from the researches of D. Lack that reproductive rates are themselves the result of selection, and selection favours those individuals that reproduce not at the maximum but at the optimum rate, for this will result in the maximum number of offspring surviving to the age when they can reproduce.

GAVIN DE BEER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Good Week

'BLESSED IS THE MAN who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed'. I counted myself doubly blessed last week. Expecting, from a study of *Radio Times*, very little, I enjoyed a better-than-average week's viewing.

There were disappointments. Wednesday's 'Eye on Research', which promised to be of more than usual interest because more immediately related to urgent current problems, had to give way to the inevitable football—as if that over-rated game and its temperamental performers had not had more than their fair share of screen time in the past nine months. And Monday night's electricity failure prevented many of us from seeing Patrick Moore's 'Sky at Night' about Venus.

Thank heavens nothing went wrong with the national grid or the programme planners' sense of values on Friday evening, so that we were able to see a natural history film, pushed out last month by Major Gagarin, from which we expected much—and got it. 'A Woodwasp and its Insect Enemies' (May 19) in the 'Look' series, is a remarkable film by any standards. That it was made in less than a year by two Oxford scientists, G. H. Thompson and E. R. Skinner, with no experience of film-making must have alarmed the professional micro-photographers. In its close-ups of what goes on in tiny tunnels of alder wood, it is comparable with the work of Heinz Sielmann.

There were vividly clear sequences showing how the woodwasp's eggs, laid beneath the bark of the dead or dying alder, or, later, the grubs

are used by four other insects as hosts for their progeny. The sequences were also, in the original sense, awful, as demonstrations of parasitism usually are. How many thousands of years of trial and error were necessary before those four quite distinct procedures were evolved and became instinctive?

If the pictures of parasitism in action were both fascinating and disturbing to contemplate, those of faith-healing by mass-production methods that we saw in 'The Power of Faith' (May 19) were more so. Of the full implications of this kind of faith, which can seemingly cure some disabilities, though probably only those



'The Case of the Eilean Mor Light': the lighthouse, in the Atlantic off the Hebridean coast

that have a psychological cause, I am still ignorant, despite the Consultant Psychiatrist's efforts at elucidation. This was, for me, one of his least successful performances and the reason was obvious. Recognizing the power of suggestion over the minds of those who wish to believe, he yet found it hard to sympathize with the mentality that accepts the possibility of faith-healing and still more with those who exploit the gullibility of the believers. I had the impression that

he would have liked to come out strongly against the whole mumbo-jumbo, instead of fairly giving both sides of the argument.

So, undoubtedly, would James Mossman in his report from South Africa a fortnight before secession ('Panorama', May 15). In his talks with the citizens of Durban he did his best to remain the impartial observer of events and attitudes. It was to his credit that he failed. Partiality was always breaking in.

The pictures from Guildford Cathedral of the service of consecration (May 17) had that soft clarity you get in settings with stone as background. Even the newly hewn stone and the



'A Woodwasp and its Insect Enemies' in the series 'Look': a female alder woodwasp beginning to drill her eggshaft through the bark

concrete seemed to impart a sense of serenity one had imagined came only from great age. The close-up shots of the hands of Bishop Queen, and Archbishop as they successively signed the sentence of consecration, were like

looking at a detail of a large painting through a magnifying glass—an extremely effective touch.

If the new 'Court of Mystery' series at 5.30 on Thursdays is intended for children, and if the succeeding programmes are anything like the first ('The Case of the Eilean Mor Light'), someone has blundered. To perpetuate, even in the cause of entertainment, such silly notions as persons coming back from the dead to give evidence, and ghostly footsteps and voices, and to offer as a solution to the problem of three vanished light-keepers the suggestion that 'Perhaps they all went mad and slaughtered each other'—and all this, mind you, in an otherwise serious treatment of a

mystery—is to revert to the standards of Grimm and Andersen. Shame on you, Messrs. Tony Arnold and John Wiles!

Shame on me, too, for niggling reservations about the merits of the Peter Ustinov programme when it was first shown at the end of March. I found a second viewing ('Peter Ustinov in Conversation after Supper', May 16) more enjoyable than the first because, knowing what was coming, my attention was not distracted by the artificiality of the after-supper setting.

In 'Spy-catcher' (May 16) Colonel Oreste Pinto at last left his desk and went out and did some active detecting quite in the Maigret manner. And very entertaining he was. What a week!

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Theatrical Pessimism

JEAN ANOUILH has been accused of hatred of life. This is a large charge, but for all its sweeping assertion it is difficult to refute when the corpus of his work is considered. From *Antigone* to *L'Alouette*, from *La Valse des Toréadors* to *Colombe* (both *pièces roses*), the glance at life has been pained, the assessment disillusioned, the smile grimmer than a headmaster's when he has caught a delinquent from whom, in any case, he only feared the worst.



James Mossman interviewing Chief Luthuli in 'Panorama'

The only difference is that the playwright does not attempt to rectify error with the big stick. One can, of course, suggest that Anouilh's view of the universe is so bitter that he is aware that no amount of correction can right matters if the cancerous growth of self-seeking opportunism is as widespread as he insists it is. To some extent the power with which he propounds his theory ensures its acceptance, since such persuasive proselytizing gathers its own adherents.

For, although this view is absurdly one-sided and often presented with stridently cheap effects, the sheer dramatic expertise of the playwright gains and holds the admiration whatever one privately feels for his philosophy. This sure touch is instinct in even the least successful of his plays. *Time Remembered* is a trifle, and more rosy than most, though even here acid etches a disturbing reflection to accompany the main theme. But as a vehicle for a bravura performance by an actress, with a part for an ingénue to shine in, and with spots for character actors to excel in delicately lively sketches, *Time Remembered* (May 15) is the work of a dramatist born. And when the principal part of the Duchess of Pont-au-Bronc is played by Edith Evans one is excused if one tends to place the play on a higher level than it really deserves. Either way, Dame Edith's eccentric aristocrat, in the full flight of some richly absurd fancy, is a creature at once so fascinating and so credible that I surrendered with an easy conscience. I could not—inevitably, I suppose—help comparing this performance, carried with strong idiosyncratic wing-beats, like the bird the duchess brings to earth at the play's close, with Margaret Rutherford's at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, production of a few years ago.

To Miss Rutherford the duchess was a dotty old aristo of the serfs-are-only-children-and-must-be-jollied-along variety. Nothing sinister in the shrubbery for her; her eccentricity would tend towards suspecting spies to be lurking in the chandeliers. At the time this seemed right. To Dame Edith, on the other hand, life has been god-ordained into two classes—the people (herself and her kind) and those who minister to their needs. The latter could be hired and fired, transplanted and manipulated, and, above all, be discussed in their presence as though they simply did not exist until commanded to. You received the impression that her duchess's life had been dedicated to growing old gracefully and with spirit. She expressed herself with all the exuberant richness of a Fabergé jewel seen in close-up.

Still, even in so tenuous a comedy as *Time Remembered*, Anouilh's harsh appreciation of

worldly values finds expression. Television is not the ideal medium for presenting this particular type of theatrical pessimism, though I would emphasize that Michael Elliott's production was finely done. And this even though it appeared to me to be geared to by-pass, or at least gloss over, the rockier passages where the playwright allows his feeling to emerge. If this was a fault, the result made the calculated risk well worth it, for besides Dame Edith's superb swooping albatross of a duchess, the production was graced by Max Adrian as the head-waiter and Topsy Jane as Amanda. Although Miss Jane's mannerisms inclined overtly to those of the nineteen-sixties—one places the play instinctively in Edward's



Two scenes from Jean Anouilh's *Time Remembered*: above, with Max Adrian (left) as Ferdinand, Barry Jones as Lord Hector, and Dame Edith Evans as the Duchess of Pont-au-Bronc; left, with Topsy Jane as Amanda and James Maxwell as Prince Albert Troubiscoi



decade—she all the same had the right contrasting and earthy practicality to set the Pont-au-Bronc family in its place. A splendid evening's viewing, already ensured of a place in the memory.

Unlike the stock market last week, Eric Sykes most definitely showed an upward trend. *Sykes and a Surprise* (May 19), at least in the first part of the Account, with the vintage Bentley freshly arrived in the living room on the very evening Sykes was entertaining his boss to dinner, was bright, entertaining, and effortlessly amusing. If it ended on a duller note, it was only a comparative one. At least the balance of outraged social indignation, missing from earlier shows, was restored; even so it required the combined forces of Wallis Eaton's agent provocateur of a policeman, David Horne's testy boss, and Patrick Cargill's toffy-toffy vintage Bentley owner.

The Whitsun holiday Sunday was celebrated with another B.B.C. / Whitehall - Rix farce. These farces have always been of uneven quality. *Wolf's Clothing* by Kenneth Horne was the best I have reviewed to date, and perhaps proved the value of works

written for the stage. The lines were wittier, the situations more amusing and less basic and, with fewer comings and goings through secret doors, there was more room for acting. This was seized on by the whole of a strong farcical company which ranged from Robertson Hare to Brian Reece. No one in this company was better than Brian Rix himself, who was probably pretty glad to get away from the gormless north-country folk he usually lands himself with. He proved a gratifyingly capable hand at this superior brand of farce, as did Elspet Gray, wide-eyed but by no means dumb. Easy and enjoyable and never more so than on a dull and chilly Whitsun.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Shop Window

THE OTHER EVENING I was grumbling away again about the inadequacy of recognition and informed comment given to radio drama even by those sections of the press which have taken over culture and will proudly devote yards of space to half-baked generalizations about communication. My victims were certain good dons who live in the world as well as in their envied enclosure. It was not their fault, but they granted that it must be depressing for pioneering writers and producers that their best work could expect less than one-twentieth of the notice given to the worst West End first night in any week.

They praised the producers, saying that the neglect possibly rose from the fact that radio drama has to belong to theatre and literature rather than to show business. And they wondered questioningly about financial reward. Dons often make what they regard as easy money from radio talking on their own specialities or discussing high matters off the cuff.

There is mighty little easy money in the writing of radio plays though the rates are somewhat wrapped in mystery. Much depends on which service and at what time the play is put on. If your work begins at the right level and time, its chance of profitable repeats is much greater. And in mitigation it can be pleaded that radio sometimes serves as a shop window for theatre and television. But it is a



Wolf's Clothing, with (left to right) Elspet Gray and Brian Rix as Sally and Julian Calvert, and Jan Holden and Brian Reece as Janet and Andrew Spicer

lucky dramatist who can live for three months on the returns from a full-length play specially written for radio. And original imaginative work of this sort is what radio needs to stay alive.

A Very Great Man Indeed written by Henry Reed and produced by Douglas Cleverdon (May 17, Third) first arrived in 1953, was recognized as worthy of the repertory and has grown into 'four long scripts and three side-pieces'. The newly revised production of the first fit fully justified early confidence and one hopes Mr. Reed has done well out of it. But it struck me that since 1953 the number of memorable and established plays specifically for radio by writers of the quality of Mr. Reed is not as great as an enthusiast would wish to boast. Could it have to do with money? Might not those administrators do some agonizing rethinking, worrying about originality, quality, and the medium more than about length or listening figures? Oh very well, it was only a suggestion.

Mr. Reed's play was a cruel and frivolous parody of the biographical literary industry which flourishes while better writing fights its familiar losing battle. It is as good as *Cakes and Ale* or the less considered work of Waugh. Some deadly research student will one day be convinced that the novelists Shewin and Powers and the composeress Hilda Tablet were masked historical figures and he will, of course, be quite wrong. They are nevertheless impossible probabilities and have got out of hand like other caricature characters. The dialogue, seemingly innocent and simple, was rich in fat for a splendid cast. And the sharpest and most poisoned comment came between the lines.

Gogol's *Dead Souls* is a permanently satisfying comment on the Russia of its time which has relevance to the Russia of today's newspapers, and also to corrupt and bureaucracy-ridden provincial societies in Britain or any other country at any time. The dramatization by Adamov (Third, May 16) kept the desperate gaiety of the original and tidied the ending tolerably. But it was not as clear or quick moving as one would have wished. The Russian double names, useful for atmosphere, puzzle a listener when the plot thickens as often as this one does, and most of the characters are engaged for so much of the time in double talk. Even with the aid of a narrating author and a memory of the book I got lost several times.

That delinquent youth may be cured of delinquency by unpatronizing kindness and find self-respect through learning a trade is a proposition not to be denied. It was turned into a respectable little play by G. C. Brown in *Taken on Tick* (Home, May 18). I was mildly ashamed of being impatient with the improving intention but thought it was right that the suspicious policeman should begin as an unsympathetic character, and sad that he should turn understanding at the end.

Hoist North Cone (Home, May 20) was little more than a neat short story. But sailormen who happen to be familiar enough with the first Book of Kings to use it as a code to frustrate the knavish tricks of baddies are rare birds, and as such to be welcomed to the aviary of the air.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Vitalizing and Broadening

ENTERTAINMENT that does not vitalize and broaden the mind is ultimately worthless, not only socially but aesthetically. So said *The Times* the other day, in an article (one need hardly add) on television. The observation must also be applied to sound broadcasting; and there was no doubt that our minds were broadened, our

convictions revitalized, by the most significant talk I heard last week.

One of the great reasons that the English have produced the finest writers in the world is that the English world has ill-treated them during their lives and fostered them after their deaths. They have in general been trampled aside into the bye paths of life and seen the festerings of Society. They have not been treated like the Raphaels of Italy'. So Keats wrote in 1819; and the ironic truth remains with us. In 'An Artist in Our Time' (Home Service, May 16), Bryan Robertson discussed the position of the young modern artist; and if he could not argue the fruitfulness of neglect, he could certainly emphasize that the English artist today is given far from royal treatment. This talk was unusually satisfying; for Mr. Robertson, like an expert pugilist, made every point in the one round accorded him. He deplored the tepid and genteel mental climate of English society, the inadequate patronage of modern art in this country by the Arts and British Councils, the subtle pressure of certain art dealers, the emasculation of creative powers by the teaching that so many artists find financially essential. And Mr. Robertson (who is the Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery) spoke not only with thought and insight but with feeling: here was a live broadcast, straight from the heart. Perhaps, one day, he will come back to the microphone with an artist, a dealer, and a representative of each of the Councils he mentioned, and we shall hear them fight out the question. I hope we shall; for we can only improve the climate for creative work when we realize how philistine we sometimes are.

Two other talks with a certain élan took us back to the art of the past. In 'William de Morgan and Others' (Third Programme, May 12), Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling presented some vivid, personal, alert recollections of the Pre-Raphaelites; her pleasant spontaneity made one wish she had talked for longer. In 'I Remember' (Home Service, May 14) Harold Scott gave us some bright theatrical vignettes: the young Elsa Lanchester draped in scarlet hand-woven clothes, and Ellen Terry, almost blind with age, but still beautiful, reading her part from six-inch lettering on a scroll. The talk was entirely unprompted (which is unusual for this series), and punctuated by songs from intimate revue; it added up to a pleasant enough half-hour.

'Law in Action' (Third Programme, May 17) could hardly be said to vitalize the listener; nor did it appreciably broaden the mind. Mr. Guest brought out some interesting legal points about trade names, some knotty problems about Spanish champagne and Whitstable oysters that would have inspired Gilbert with an attractive libretto. No doubt, like a good many other talks, this one would make pleasant reading, but as a talk it was not all it might have been. It was a carefully written script elocuted at the microphone.

We had a very different feeling from 'The Spin of the Wheel' (Home Service, May 16). Some time ago we had an inquiry into the motor-cycle speedsters; here was the companion programme on the equally hair-raising art of Grand Prix driving. What makes the racing driver tick? Financial profit, aggressive instinct, competitive feeling, the death-wish, the need for exhilaration: it seems that we find them all to a greater or lesser degree. Grand Prix drivers are, of course, more responsible than the fanatics who burn it up on the by-pass; there is art, not merely energy and frustration, in their speed. Yet 'The Spin of the Wheel', like its predecessor, was an alarming programme about people who, in some ways, had failed to grow up: who had a quite extraordinary sense of values. They showed remarkable indifference to the physical injury which, sooner or later

seems bound to overtake them. They discuss superstition with evident feeling, and talked multiple fractures and premature death with carelessness which sounded all too genuine. The spin of the wheel was, in fact, all that seemed to matter to them. This was a living page from the psychologist's notebook; it certainly possessed its social worth, and vitalized and broadened the listener's mind.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Two Operas

'...with the B.B.C. Chorus and B.B.C. Choral Society, Chorus-Master Leslie Woodgate...'. It is sad to reflect that these words, so familiar to millions of listeners to the B.B.C.'s music programmes over a period of nearly thirty years, were heard on the air last week for the last time in the lifetime of this accomplished and dedicated musician whose name was a household word in 'quires and places where they sing'. The death of Leslie Woodgate will be mourned not only by his colleagues in the B.B.C. but by musicians everywhere and, above all, by those who knew him personally and looked upon him as a friend.

The two operas broadcast last week could hardly have been more utterly dissimilar. From Handel to Janáček is already a far cry, but the gulf that lies between *Rinaldo* on the one hand (Third Programme, May 20) and *Mr. Brouček's Excursions* on the other (Third, May 15) is greater than that they seem to belong to different worlds. As, indeed, they do; not only as regards their subject-matter (the connexion between the wars of the Crusades and improbable adventures on the moon dreamed up by a twentieth-century middle-class Czech gentleman being of the slightest), but above all in everything that has to do with the form, style, and musical language of their respective composers. Yet, on reflection, there are two things they could be said to have in common—fantasy pure and simple, and an apparent acceptance of the wildest improbabilities. Thus the youthful Handel was quite ready to compose the elegant and sophisticated music of *Rinaldo* to illustrate a nonsensical tale in which the supernatural is inextricably mixed up with the actions and emotions of ordinary human beings as was the aging Janáček to satirize, in his own highly personal twentieth-century idiom, the goings-on of his preposterous Mr. Brouček, even to the extent of accompanying him in his dream-journey to the Moon.

The production by the Handel Opera Society at Sadler's Wells of *Rinaldo* was in itself a historical event, in so far as this was the first time the opera had been publicly performed in London since the composer's death, so that the B.B.C.'s decision to broadcast it was most welcome. It contains some beautiful music, including such well-known arias as 'Carosposa' and 'Lascia ch'io pianga', and the delightful bird-music that introduces the second scene of Act II in which Handel seems to fore-shadow some of the happier inspirations of the illustrious present-day bird-fancier, Olivier Messiaen. It also contains much that is merely musical rhetoric, and the endless *da capos* and conventional recitatives are apt to become wearisome after a time. Helen Watts as Rinaldo sang consistently well; Jennifer Vyvyan sounded most impressive as Armida the Sorceress and accomplished her bravura airs with great brilliance, while Elsie Morison made the most of the rather colourless part of Almirena, although her intonation was not always perfect. Peter Glossop as the Pagan King and Rowland Jones as Goffredo, the Christian General, were both in good voice. The Philomusica of London Orchestra was conducted by Charles Farncombe.

It was an excellent idea to publish in TH

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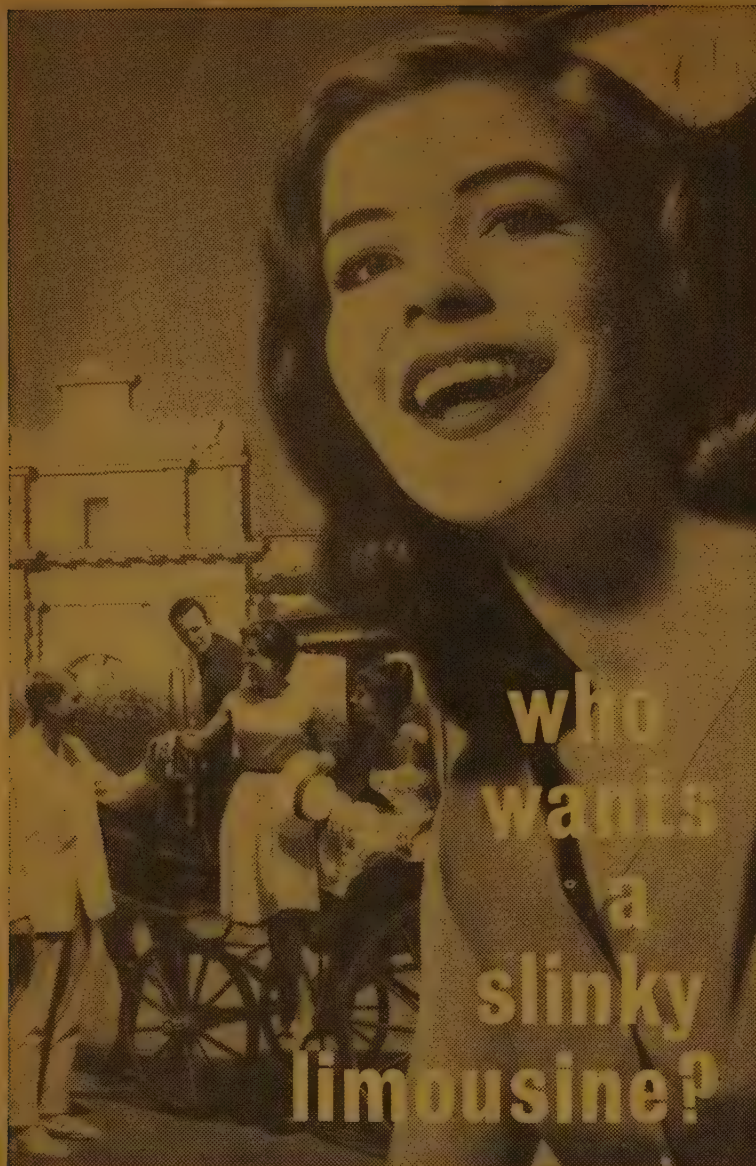
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EATING IN EIGHTY-FOUR—I

by Podalirius

Our standard of living may well double in the next twenty-four years. Will our waistlines double with it? What, in other words, about food? Who, even in England, would want two breakfasts or two dinners a day? We, of course, ignore small boys.

Far from needing more food, most of us in fact need much less than we have now. We trip with a progressively less lissome tread from baker to butcher, from dairy to delicatessen; while those who have tripped too often, trudge, their last call being on the pharmacist for the latest slimming remedy. Aesthetics apart, obesity can be associated with various diseases, including diabetes, high blood pressure, and arthritis; while medical students, seeking to memorize the typical lady with gall stones, still alliterate her as "Fair, fat, and forty".

Obesity is usually due to too much carbohydrate in the diet; but too much animal fat may lead to hardening of the arteries, and the higher one's income the more animal fat one consumes. Protein is fairly safe at the moment, but it has been suspect, and may be again. Roughage is an uninteresting refuge, and one vitamin at any rate can be taken to excess.

What then, amid the generally doubled prosperity of 1984, is to happen to the food manufacturers and the farmers? —Paupers all, relatively speaking? And where will their oxtails go when we can all afford fillet steaks? There might be an oxtail glut in '84, as recently there was one of eggs. There might be huge refrigerated oxtail stock piles: ministerial recipes for intriguing oxtail dishes; placarded injunctions to eat an oxtail a day. Injunction or no injunction, some of us would still be settling for a fillet steak. That glut of eggs, after all, consisted of a mere 350 million surplus in a year, an election year at that: no more than six or seven modest omelettes per head. Nevertheless the eggs were not taken up in shell by the consumer.

One solution, a magnificent one when food is the issue, would be to send some of our increased prosperity in the next quarter of a century to underdeveloped countries; or in plain words, to feed the hungry. We are eating too much for good health; they too little. Charity and conscience aside, we should all gain from a partial switch. But there are other solutions for food in 1984. Readers may brood upon possibilities; for as the small boy said of the objet d'art, this article has gone into separate parts.

* * *

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LISTENER last week a minute-to-minute timetable of Mr. Brouček's *Excursions*, since between going to the Moon and returning to Bohemia in the fifteenth century it would have been quite easy to get completely lost. As it was, I noticed a time-lag of something like four and a half minutes in the performance as compared with the schedule, but that was of no account, as there was never a dull moment in Janáček's very lively core in which he gives full rein to his inexhaustible invention and fantasy. For this broadcast we were indebted to the Westdeutscher Rundfunk, the Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra and choir, under Joseph Keilberth, and a cast of excellent singers of whom it would

seem invidious to single out any one artist for special praise.

Among other interesting programmes during the week were one provided by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra from Manchester (with Vaughan Williams's Eighth Symphony and Lennox Berkeley's Concerto for two pianos played by Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick) (Home Service, May 19), Norman Carrell's compilation of some of Bach's self-borrowings (Third Programme, May 19), and the Thursday Invitation Concert (Third, May 18) in which the Aeolian and English String Quartets joined forces to play Octets by Shostakovich and Mendelssohn and a Nonet (of which this was

the first performance in England) by Aaron Copland who is now visiting this country. This proved to be an interesting work, scored for the unusual combination of three violins, three violas and three 'cellos, with a fine, broad, expansive first movement working up to a livelier middle section and ending impressively in slower tempo again, the whole thing very rich-sounding and most effectively written for the strings. Aaron Copland also conducted a programme of his own works with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra (Third, May 21) consisting of *Statements*, a series of six effectively contrasted short pieces, the Film Suite *Our Town* and his Third Symphony.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Nono and the Art of Computed Music

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

Compositions by Luigi Nono will be broadcast at 8.55 p.m. on Thursday, June 1, and 8.0 p.m. on Monday, June 5 (both Third). The programme of June 5 will also include a Mobile by Pjotr Zak



THE SOLITUDE and intentness of Sebastian del Piombo's portraits of adolescents come to mind when one meets the tall and quietly handsome Luigi Nono for the first time. His apparent calm, the relaxed dignity of his bearing so typical of the Venetian, is seemingly belied by the searching watchfulness of his dark eyes. Their hint of distrust cannot, however, obliterate the promise of an infinite capacity for compassion.

I dwell on these personal impressions of the man because they have some relevance to his music. It, too, discloses two essentially contradictory basic dispositions. Even at a single hearing it becomes obvious that Nono is intent on relinquishing everything that until now has regulated the processes of musical composition; but having rejected the shackles of convention he has come to subject his procedures to the control of a discipline, involving the pre-compositional arrangement of musical elements, the strictures of which are second only to the precision of mathematical operations.

Nono's point of departure, in matters of style and idiom, is Webern, and like others of his generation, aims at the 'total serialization' of his musical universe. In Schönberg and his immediate school, elements other than melodic and harmonic are 'free'; this was the field where the composer could exercise his spontaneous inventive capacities. 'Total serialization' means that not only melody and harmony but rhythm, dynamics, duration, also speed, are subject to 'serial' organization. In addition, Nono has enlarged our musical perspective by introducing the serialization of the *density* of sound—which invests his music, especially his settings for voices, with a kind of luminous beauty, the like of which we have not heard since Debussy.

Similarly, the basic row is always designed with great circumspection. Nono shows a decided preference for symmetrical rows which also include all possible intervals. Thus, the basic row of *Il canto sospeso* is

B flat B C C sharp D E flat
A flat G F sharp F E

The melodic-intervallic implications of the row proper include, further, the possibilities offered by its two halves: the chromatic scales converging from both directions on a central 'tonic'; another attribute to be exploited is its symmetry; and he allots an important function to permutation in the manipulation of his series. *Varianti*, for instance, opens with a permutative series, replacing the basic form.

Nono's serialization of rhythm is evolved from a limited number of basic duration-values ordered in a graduated scale: thus *Il canto sospeso* has a 'row' of four basic units of diminishing values. An even finer graduation is achieved by 'irrational' units expressed as the rate of the division and the prevailing beat. They are elaborated to various rhythmic patterns by multiplying them in turn with the numbers of a proportional series. This may be a simple arithmetic progression like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or of a more complex proportion like 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, and used in *recto* and in *verso*. Since the rhythmic pattern does not, as a rule, coincide with the pitch series, it is possible to obtain quite extensive passages, in which the recurrence of a certain rhythmic pattern is obtained independently of its melodic configuration. The archetype of this device will be easily recognized by those who are familiar with medieval music as isorhythm.

There is a fixed number of dynamic values, complemented by the various forms of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. Their distribution again follows a strict rotation.

In the formal outlines of his music Nono seems to respect the newly established conventions of symmetry which have replaced the tensions and balances of the sonata principle. There are interesting derivatives of the basic formula: *Varianti* is in four sections, of which the third is the reverse of the first, and the fourth the reverse of the second. *Incontri* is more straightforward. It shows a strictly geometrical pattern which turns round a central axis found in the middle of bar 109, which is also the fastest bar in the piece. *Composizione No. 2: Diario Polacco* is a kind of concerto for four identical orchestras of twenty-two players each, seated according to a prescribed plan.

The most interesting of Nono's new departures is his organization of density. Here Mahler pointed the way; in the *Rondo-Burleske* of his Fifth Symphony he achieves an ebb and flow of volume on a single note by the successive entry and release, at various points of the beat, of the horns. Nono resorts to this artifice methodically and constantly. The rhythmic value, as well as the dynamic level and its variation, of every single constituent note is carefully controlled by the proportional series, and adjusted to the compositional blueprint. As a further development of the idea of *Klangfarbenmelodie*, Nono achieves with it a brilliance of detail and depth of colour, the effect of which resembles that of the abstract paintings of the *tachiste* school.

The canvases of Santomaso, Biondi, Afro, and Vedova come to mind: and it is interesting to note the temperamental affinities in the works of these artists, nurtured under the same Mediterranean sky, the same intellectual and spiritual conditions, even if their field of creative expression differs.

The technique may be heard at its best in *Composizione No. 2*, in which no instrument plays more than a single note at any one entry; in other words, the melodic movement is completely dissolved in the flux of changing colour. Of course this kind of writing is enormously difficult to realize in performance.

The relentless logic of these abstract methods might be expected to produce an 'objective', coolly precise, and depersonalized music. Far from it. The first impression we get is of an overwhelming experience charged with passion. It unites and contrasts ruthless violence and resigned compassion, tenderness, and brutality. Nono's music expresses the humanism of indignation, of protest against injustice and suffering. He relies on the persuasive power of concrete verbal images and his choice of texts for his vocal music is guided by this committed humanism: he sets Antonio Machado, Cesare Pavese, Ungaretti, and above all Garcia Lorca, to whose memory he composed an *Epitaph* in three parts. And nowhere is this humanity conveyed more vividly than in *Il canto sospeso*, set to a collection of letters by fighters of European resistance condemned to death. The most accessible medium for communicating his ideals would be the theatre: and his opera *Intolleranza 1960*, whose presentation constituted the sensational curtain-raiser of this year's Venice Festival, seemed to confirm this.

It is inevitable, of course, that the novelty of his music and the philosophy behind it should attract followers; his regular visits to Darmstadt have been a valuable support in this. Pjotr Zak is one of the youngest; and we may expect him to become one of the most controversial figures of the future. He is said to have shown himself a convinced follower of the ideas propounded by Kagel, Stockhausen, and others. His art exploits the full frequency range of the aural spectrum, so that its realization must be controlled by strictly measurable quantities—frequency ratios, velocity graphs, decibel numbers—replacing conventional notation. Scores are not published: Zak considers them merely private instructions to the professional performer—a surprising parallel with certain Renaissance practices.



Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—X

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE FOURTH group to take part in the inter-regional competition was the home countries, and the first heat was contested last Sunday by the West of Scotland and the North of Ireland. The Scottish representatives were two international players, the brothers Lou and Len Shenkin; the Irish team were a younger pair, N. Perceval-Price and L. Paffrath.

The players began by answering this question on play:

| WEST | EAST |
|-------------|-----------|
| ♠ A Q | ♠ 8 6 4 |
| ♥ A K 5 | ♥ 9 6 4 2 |
| ♦ J 10 3 | ♦ A 7 5 4 |
| ♣ A Q J 6 2 | ♣ 7 3 |

West is declarer in Three No Trumps after South has opened One (weak) No Trump. North leads the jack of spades. How should West plan the play?

To make game, West will have to bring in the club suit. He can play off ace and queen of clubs and if the suit breaks 3-3 he will make nine tricks. If South has four clubs, not much can be done, for there is only one entry to dummy. But suppose South has K x of clubs and North has 10 x x x: then playing the ace followed by the queen will result in losing two club tricks and meanwhile the opponents will be establishing their spade winners.

The solution that takes care of this possibility is to play a small club from hand at the second trick. West wins the spade return and then crosses to dummy with the ace of diamonds for another club lead. This play succeeds when South has K x in clubs and also when he has K x x.

Only one of the four competitors put his finger on the critical play, the low club at the second trick, so that the West of Scotland took the lead by 6 points to 1. In the next part of the contest, a bidding test, the Scots increased their lead to 22 against 14, and then the two pairs were invited to bid the following hands in partnership:

| WEST | EAST |
|-------------|-----------|
| ♠ K 4 | ♠ A J 5 2 |
| ♥ 8 6 4 3 2 | ♥ A Q 9 |
| ♦ K Q 7 | ♦ A 6 5 3 |
| ♣ A 7 6 | ♣ Q 5 |

West was the dealer at game all.

The Scots reached a very questionable slam despite an original pass by West:

| WEST | EAST |
|------|-------|
| No | 1D |
| 2H | 2S |
| 3C | 3H |
| 4D | 4N.T. |
| 5D | 5N.T. |
| 6H | No |

West's jump in hearts on so poor a suit was doubtful and after his partner's Three Hearts which did not improve his hand, he should have been content with Four.

The Irish pair also overbid, reaching Six Trumps after West had opened the bidding. No points were awarded for the slam contract, so the West of Scotland qualified for the final.

When the hand occurred in a world championship match West opened the bidding with One Heart at both tables. It seems a doubtful opening but both pairs stopped safely in Four Hearts.

Either Four Hearts, or Three No Trumps played by East, would have scored full marks. If West passes, East may open One Spade, One No Trump or One Diamond. A reasonable auction would be:

| WEST | EAST |
|-------|------|
| No | 1D |
| 1H | 1S |
| 2N.T. | 3H |
| 4H | No |

If East were to open One Spade one could not criticize a response of Two No Trumps. West, though in practice that would lead to the hand being played from the wrong side. Because of the club situation it is better that East should be the declarer in no trump.

—Network Three

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IN THE KITCHEN

Blackberry Ice Pudding

PRESERVED, FRESH, or frozen blackberries may be used; fresh frozen, they should be slightly cooked with sugar to taste. If fresh and very ripe they can be used raw.

The ingredients are:

1 lb of blackberries

For the meringues

2 egg whites

4 oz. of caster sugar

For the ice cream

4 egg yolks

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk

3 oz. of sugar

For the Crème Chantilly

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream

2 egg whites

icing sugar to taste

For the meringues, whisk the egg whites until very stiff. Fold in the sugar gradually. Put in spoonful or pipe on to well-oiled paper or an oiled tin. Dry out very slowly in a very cool oven—gas mark 0-1, or electricity 225°-250° F. for several hours (depending on size) until crisp.

To make the ice cream, first turn the indicator of the refrigerator to the coldest position for half an hour before starting to freeze the mixture—this helps to give a smooth texture. Beat the egg yolks and sugar until light and thick. Then add in the milk and cook gently for a short time in a basin, over hot water. Cool, and then add in the lightly whipped cream. Put into a freezing tray and freeze until just firm. Turn out and whisk sharply. If time permits, this can be done twice to give a light texture. On the

final whipping, fold in a cup of sieved, sweetened blackberries. Freeze until firm and then turn the indicator to normal position to store.

Cover the bottom of a ring mould with crushed meringue. Cover with spoonful of the blackberry ice cream and then a final layer of crushed meringue. Replace in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator to set, or stand the ring mould on ice cubes in a big bowl until ready to serve.

Make the Crème Chantilly by whisking the egg whites very stiffly, and the cream lightly. Fold together and add whole blackberries and a little sieved icing sugar. Turn out the ice cream ring and fill with the Crème Chantilly. Any meringues left over can be served with this sweet.

JOAN DAMPNEY

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Magdalena Pancakes

To make these baked pancakes take:

2 oz. of butter

2 oz. of caster sugar

2 eggs

2 oz. of plain flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk

grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon, or grated rind of 2 oranges

To serve with the pancakes you will need:

3 tablespoons approximately of hot marmalade or apricot jam or apricot conserve
the juice of 1 orange
caster sugar

Cream the butter and sugar together and add the grated rind. Beat the eggs, and add one at a time with a little of the flour to prevent curdling. Mix in the flour and gradually add the milk. Put the mixture into six buttered,

shallow tins, the size of saucers, and bake in a hot oven, gas regulo 7, electricity 450 F., for about 15 minutes until set and golden brown. Alternatively, the mixture may be put in one shallow evenproof dish and baked in a moderate oven, gas regulo 5, electricity 375 F., for 30-40 minutes.

Heat the jam or conserve gently and add the fruit juice. When the pancakes are done, turn into a dish, sprinkle with caster sugar, and either pour the jam or conserve over them, or serve it separately in a small jug or sauce boat.

MARGARET ALCORN

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Notes on Contributors

AUGUST HECKSCHER (page 911): chief editorial writer, *New York Herald Tribune*, 1948-56; author of *These Are the Days*, *A Pattern of Politics*, *The Politics of Woodrow Wilson*, etc.

S. A. CILLIERS (page 913): a South African lawyer at present attending Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar

FRANCIS WATSON (page 924): in India from 1938 to 1946; director of the visual arts department, British Council, 1947-49; author of *Daniel Defoe*, *Talking of Gandhi*, etc.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS (page 926): has recently been appointed a Lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of *Border Country* and *The Long Revolution*

A. G. GUEST (page 927): Lecturer in Law, Oxford University, and Junior Dean, University College; editor of *Anson's Principles of the English Law of Contract* and of *Oxford Essays in Jurisprudence*

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 934): Professor of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *Academies of Art, Past and Present*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,617. Wanderer: On the Square. By Chabon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |
| 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 |
| 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 |

The letters of the lights are to be entered individually in the squares enumerated. This done, the wanderer must make his journey over the whole area, as a rook would move: visiting every square once, and once only: the journey ending in a square adjacent to that from which it began. A quotation from an English poet will thus be disclosed: which may not be inappropriate to the second half of the title. Solvers are asked to state the material used by the persons mentioned in the quotation.

CLUES

- A 43, 27, 2, 12, 40 First title, of the gods
B 61, 28, 43 Has often been described as a wanderer
C 8, 41, 62, 51, 24, 22 Wanderer, painted by Titian
D 34, 42, 58, 2, 62, 52, 12, 23, 20, 59 B, of German legend
E 12, 44, 32, 21, 58, 17, 12, 5 B, of Greek tradition
F 14, 53, 57, 20, 56, 60, 49 Aventinus calls them everlasting wanderers
G 30, 4, 19, 31 The Knight of this, in Spanish, was a great wanderer
H 6, 1, 56, 26 Goddess, apparently reincarnate, wanders across country
I 10, 64, 50, 33, 16, 11 H or wanders for a god
J 43, 45, 51, 30, 8, 62, 15, 55 Composer (part) who wrote of H and I: and who is well known on the square
K 61, 45, 25, 38 Another god of a beloved one in Scotland about five
L 3, 57, 36, 7 Written to G in English—originally in French
M 35, 4, 46, 18, 17 See N
N 48, 20, 54, 2, 60, 47 M the this, the English B, named by our poet

- O 13, 45, 39, 40 Personified by H, according to another poet
P 63, 10, 7, 24, 12, 9 Special period of O
Q 12, 3, 62, 1, 41, 23, 44, 20, 64 von Eitzen's B

Solution of No. 1,615

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E | S | L | E | C | E | P | S |
| T | U | Y | R | E | I | L | E |
| S | E | N | R | B | T | I | N |
| I | N | T | E | R | A | D | D |
| N | U | Y | D | G | E | H | E |
| A | S | S | B | E | A | P | R |
| T | E | T | A | H | U | P | T |
| L | I | G | E | K | E | E | H |
| S | E | D | O | W | N | T | R |

NOTES

The pairs of words were:

Across: 1. sensible, pestle; 5. muscle, dunce; 8. pains, upshot; 10. virtually, picture; 11. yearned, gyrate; 12. single, isolated; 13. stern, splendid; 14. grab, rob; 15. thinker, stationary; 16. initiate, interpret; 18. roundabout, grandiose; 20. oddly, dirty; 21. annually, inequity; 23. indigestion, drugged; 25. astonishment, cheat; 27. ask, halts; 28. stabbed, sublime; 30. pampered, apprentice; 32. entertaining, teetotaller; 35. hound, thus; 36. spotted, capture; 38. bilge, unhinged; 39. skeleton, mackerel; 41. searched, either; 43. stem, rose; 44. underwent, downfall; 45. obstreperous, trapped.
Down: 1. menial, preterite; 2. existence, stated; 3. blunt, illuminate; 4. ready, money; 5. disturb, understandable; 6. incidentally, orchestration; 7. permission, deities; 8. spoiling, plenty; 9. raspberry, security; 13. testing, occasion; 14. terrified, prebendary; 17. ponderous, nuisance; 18. strangle, urge; 19. though, bother; 20. dreary, ponder; 22. lays, dyes; 24. geranium, feature; 26. tested, terrible; 27. fractious, parties; 29. breakdown, backward; 31. perpe-
trate, opposer; 33. relegate, merged; 34. started, interested; 35. shelling, hence; 37. thump, battleship; 40. intention, best; 43. seemed, clever.

1st prize: J. W. A. Cowgill (Retford, Notts); 2nd prize: W. Purbrick (Wallington); 3rd prize: E. C. Hunt (Great Yarmouth)

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